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Letters and Lovers



My husband and I have been fans of *Penthouse* for years. Recently, I came across a "Forum" letter that reminded me a lot of something that happened when I was in college. I told him to read it, then revealed to him my experience with my old roommate.

Stacy and I roomed together during our junior and senior years in college. Stacy was from California and was incredibly beautiful. She had one of those figures that always caught the attention of the guys.

One night, Stacy and I had returned from a frat party. After sitting around talking and finishing the warm beer we'd brought back with us, Stacy confided in me that she'd heard me masturbating the previous night. I was kind of surprised because I really thought I'd been discreet. She went on to say that hearing me pleasuring myself had excited her so much that she'd also ended up masturbating.

Perhaps I should have been embarrassed to learn that I'd been found out, but when Stacy went so far as to sug-

gest we watch each other masturbate, I was pleasantly surprised. Had I not gone to the party and had a few beers in me I might not have agreed to this, but a greater part of me was glad that Stacy knew. I'd actually masturbated a couple of times with her image in mind, and those occasions had been some of the hottest.

I'd never gotten off in front of any of my boyfriends, so this was a first for me, but it was so worth it. Not only was it amazing to do it in front of Stacy, but the orgasm was even better because I had Stacy fucking herself with one of my dildos while I watched.

During the next month, Stacy and I masturbated together whenever we could. Then, one afternoon between classes, Stacy texted me to meet her in our room. When I arrived, Stacy was already naked, lying on her bed, the dildo ready on the nightstand. I quickly undressed and joined her. I watched Stacy fondle her big, full breasts

I slowly pressed my fingers into her juicy hole as she did the same to me. Together we pumped our fingers in and out.

and felt myself getting wet. When I reached down to stroke my clit, Stacy pushed my hand aside and replaced it with her own.

My entire body trembled as Stacy slid two fingers back and forth over my sensitive nub. I couldn't believe how good it felt, and I wanted her to feel what I was feeling. I nudged my fingers between her legs, only to find her just as wet as I was. I slowly slid my fingers into her juicy hole as she did the same to me. Together, we pumped our fingers in and out, then pressed our lips together and kissed.

I cried out as she moved her fingers deep inside my cunt and her thumb worked diligently on my clit. Although I lost all sense of what I'd been doing to Stacy, she kept thrusting her fingers and thumbing my clit as I rode out the pleasure of my orgasm.

When I came to my senses, I rolled onto my back and made Stacy straddle me. Urgently, I pulled her up so I could lap at her with my tongue. I eagerly sucked Stacy's juices into my mouth. I didn't hesitate as I licked through her folds, loving my first taste of pussy. I might have been a novice at eating out a woman, but I did everything to Stacy that I enjoyed, and was rewarded when she began humping my face and coming like crazy.

I'd just reached the point in the story where we fucked each other with our dildos while we sixty-nined, but I never got to tell my husband. He was so fucking horny from my story that he proceeded to screw me eight ways to Sunday. I couldn't remember the last time he pounded me so hard.

When he'd finally screwed us both into exhaustion, the first thing he asked me to do was to finish the story. He wanted every little detail, no matter how kinky. And I loved telling him. We went on like that for several months, with me relating as many of my hookups with Stacy as I could.

Eventually, he wanted me to reach out to Stacy online, which I did. Now she's coming to visit and, of course, she'll be staying with us while she's in town. I can hardly wait, and neither can my husband.—L.T., New York

"Forum" letters should carry name and address, though these and other identifying characteristics will be changed for publication purposes. All letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send letters to ForumSubmission@ffn.com or *Penthouse* Editorial Dept., 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York NY 10005.



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THE CONNECTION

I met and screwed my current girlfriend while I was on a blind date—with someone else. I know this sounds bad, but really, it's not. Bizarre, maybe, since she also was on a blind date.

The only reason I agreed to go on the date was to help out a buddy of mine. His girlfriend's cousin was visiting, and he was trying to score some points with her after he'd forgotten some kind of anniversary.

We talked briefly on the phone and arranged to meet at a noisy restaurant the next night, and though our conversation was short, I immediately knew that Giselle and I weren't going to connect.

My instincts were right on point. I spotted Giselle right away from the description she'd given me. While we waited at the bar, she sipped her Cosmo and I drank my beer. She was beautiful, but so not my type—very cerebral and serious. I like to crack jokes and have a good time. I just couldn't see myself trying to fuck her without her giving me a rundown of do's and don'ts. I mean, it took forever for us to get a table because she didn't like the location of the ones that were available. And while she droned on and on about her job, I feigned interest while surreptitiously checking out a woman behind her. The funny thing was that she was with someone, too, but, like me, she was looking past the guy and our eyes met.

I know it was probably not the smartest thing to do, but as soon as Giselle turned away, I looked at the other woman and tipped my head toward the back of the restaurant. She shot me a grin, then said something to her date before leaving him at the bar.

I told Giselle I'd be right back and that if a table opened up that suited her, she should take it and I'd find her. Then I went in search of the other woman and found her waiting for me at the back door. As soon as she saw me, she opened the door and we stepped out into the parking lot.

Her name was Chelsea and she also was on a blind date that seemed to be going about as well as mine. We joked about going back inside and introducing our dates to each other, then taking off. Instead, we decided to cut our dates short and hook up later. She had on a thin, sheer top, and because of a slight chill in the air, her nipples



stood out against the fabric. I never considered that she might slap me when I reached out to rub my thumb over the hard bump.

Chelsea's head fell back as I gave her other nipple the same attention. She reached for me then, and pulled me back toward the door. Chelsea wasn't shy, and I liked that. She kissed me slowly, as if we had all night. My cock grew painfully hard behind my zipper, but she took care of that and had me free in no time. I slid my hands up under her skirt and almost came when I found nothing but a garter belt holding up her silky hose.

"Still want to wait till later?" she moaned against my neck, as she gave my dick a couple of firm strokes.

In response to her question, I pulled her leg up and she hooked it around

my waist. Then I grabbed my cock and shoved it in deep. Chelsea screamed into my mouth as she ground her hips against me. The sex was hard and fast, the most satisfying quickie ever. I thrust into her over and over, with Chelsea breaking our kiss only when her head fell back against the door.

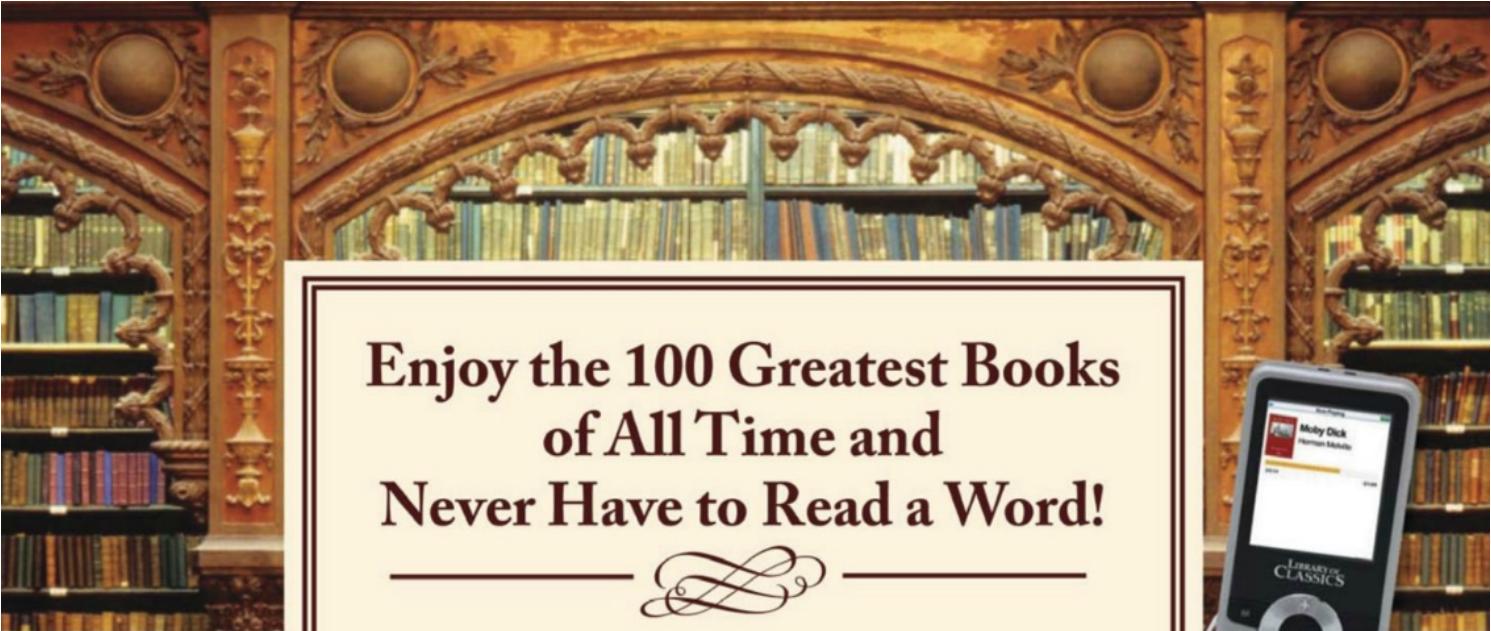
"Harder, faster!" she hissed, and I complied in a frenzied heat, giving her what we both craved.

"Coming," I groaned, and as I stroked into her twice more, I let go, feeling her cunt tighten even more as she soaked my cock with her climax. Panting and sweating in the cool air, we gradually straightened our clothes before arranging to make excuses to our dates and hook up later, right back there in the parking lot.

I now have my buddy to thank for inadvertently hooking me up with Chelsea, though he was really pissed at me for screwing things up with his girlfriend's cousin.—J.D., Texas

More letters on page 120

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A SELF DIVIDED

Bruce Willis and Joseph Gordon-Levitt play the same hit man, sent through the years to battle "himself," in Rian Johnson's time-travel thriller, *Looper*.

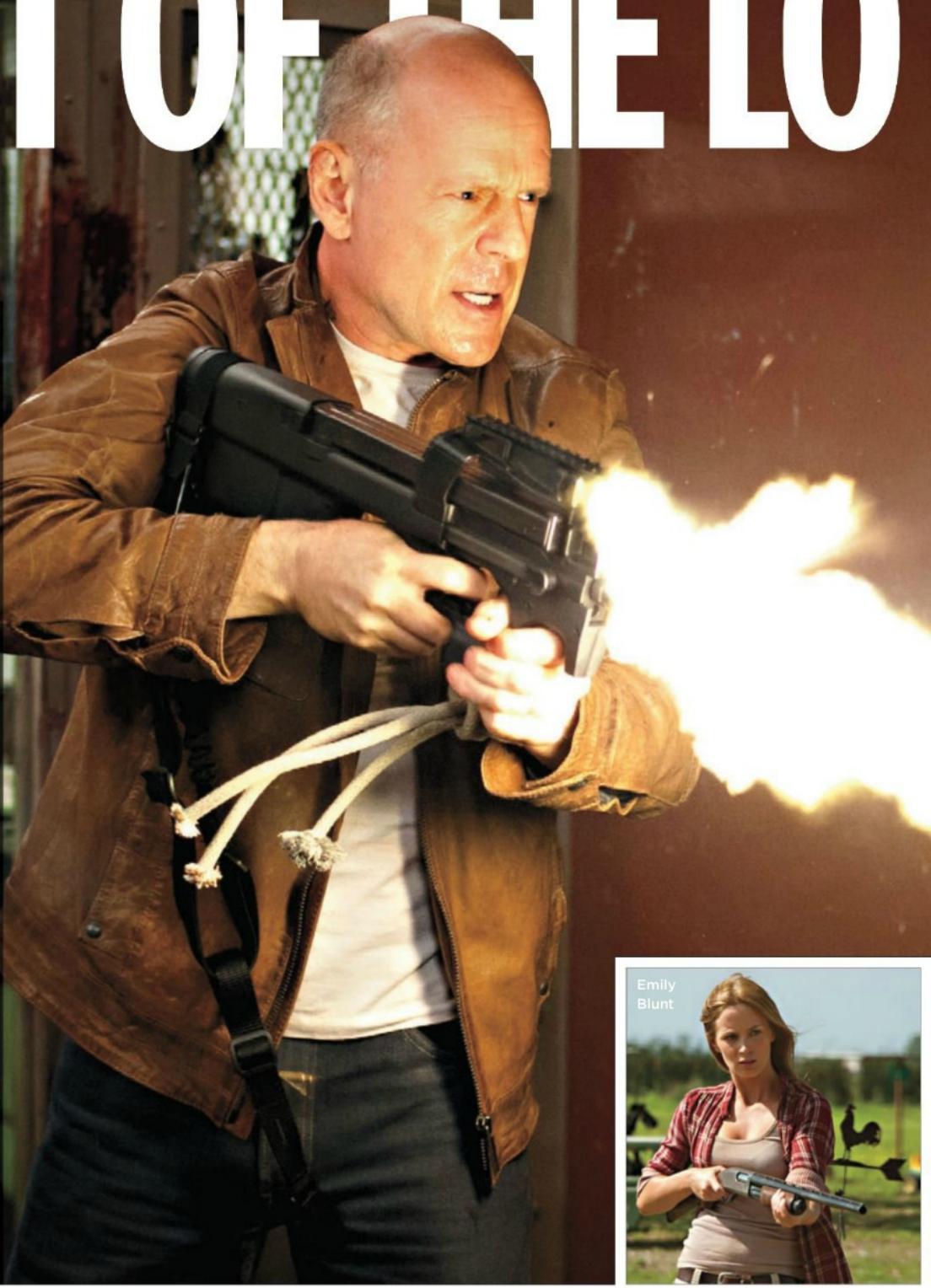
OUT OF THE LO

Bruce Willis goes off the beaten path (again) in an upcoming time-travel thriller.

Looper

Bruce Willis, Joseph Gordon-Levitt, Emily Blunt

Say what you want about Willis, but the man has adventurous taste in scripts. Sure, any actor would have leapt at *Pulp Fiction*, but he also took a chance on *The Sixth Sense*, *Twelve Monkeys*, and *Die Hard*, which probably read like a joke on paper. (We'll just look the other way on *The Bonfire of the Vanities*.) Let's hope Willis's instincts are spot-on for this time-travel crime movie, one that's already got Comic-Con nerds palpitating. He plays the older version of Gordon-Levitt's assassin character, both of them living in a future where hits are administered via "loopers" who shuttle between decades. The stylish vibe suggests Christopher Nolan's *Inception*, but this is the heady terrain of writer-director Rian Johnson (*Brick*, *The Brothers Bloom*), a gifted filmmaker who needs to dial down his verbal cleverness and connect on a visceral level. A lot of people are betting that's what he's done here.



Emily Blunt



OP

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (LODDER) ALAN MARKFIELD
(KILLING THEM SOFTLY) HELENA SUKOCOVAN TOLEGAN'S
PRODUCTS (V/H/S) SCOTT COOPER (END OF WATCH) SCOTT GARFIELD/OPEN ROAD FILMS



Killing Them Softly

Brad Pitt, Ray Liotta, Richard Jenkins

It's taken him a long time, but Pitt is, finally, just existing on-screen—not "acting"—and the results are magnetic. His naturalistic performance in *Moneyball* was a turning point, and Pitt now places himself in the hands of Andrew Dominik, a director he's worked with before (on *The Assassination of Jesse James by the Coward Robert Ford*), for a

relaxed, comic crime caper about a weary, cost-conscious mob player gone rogue. *Word* is the film is heavy on amusing dialogue and is more about character than action. With the lines being delivered by Liotta, James Gandolfini, and the expert Jenkins, the screenwriter has nothing to worry about.



V/H/S

Calvin Reeder, Lane Hughes, Adam Wingard

Those *Paranormal Activity* flicks have their moments, for sure, but doesn't it always occur to you that they could be shorter? Like, YouTube length? A few horror directors understand your frustration: In this promising anthology film, they've taken the oft-abused found-footage concept and employed it for five short tales—drunk girls! Bedroom intruders! Lakes!—which are linked to a group of thrill-seeking criminals attempting to steal a valuable videotape from a mysterious house. The weathered nature of the ancient footage adds to the spookiness, and the directors are some of America's best in the genre, including Ti West (*The House of the Devil*) and Wingard (the stunning, soon-to-be-released *You're Next*).



End of Watch

Jake Gyllenhaal, Michael Peña

We have our doubts about the leads in this action-laced L.A. police procedural: Gyllenhaal and Peña are best known as a gay cowboy in *Brokeback Mountain* and a mall security guard in *Observe and Report*, respectively. So why do we hold out hope for this project? Helping this duo make the leap to credibility as Los Angeles cops is director David Ayer, who wrote *Training Day*, and the plot has them in over their heads after confiscating a pile of money and guns from a cartel following a routine traffic stop. Plus, the film is fully shot in jittery HD, to pulse-quicken effect, we hear. Worth a peek. 



Joseph Gordon-Levitt



DVDs



SUIT UP!

This month's DVD releases provide ample ideas for Halloween costumes, with superheroes, supernatural battles, and supercreepy thrills and chills.

By Barbara Rice Thompson

THE AVENGERS

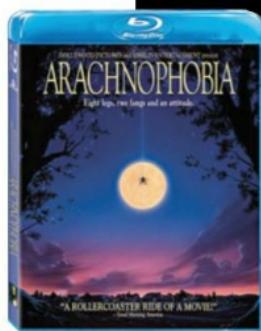
This tale about a supergroup of superheroes opened the summer blockbuster season in spectacular fashion, with glorious action sequences (not to mention impressive special effects), great quips and one-liners, and—of course—a climactic battle to save the world. Sure, more than one leather-clad, ass-kicking chick to ogle would have been nice, but at least we got more of Scarlett Johansson's Black Widow here than in *Iron Man 2*. (And, hey, powers that be, while all those sequels are getting cranked out—we're looking forward to more *Captain America* and *Iron Man*, and of course *The Avengers*, but *Thor*? Really?—how about some backstory for Black Widow and Hawkeye?)

They deserve their own film as much as Samuel L. Jackson's Nick Fury does.) Now we're prepared to add a little more of our kinda-hard-earned cash to the kajillion bucks the film earned at the box office. The Blu-ray comes in a combo pack that has a standard DVD or a pack with both 3-D and 2-D Blu-ray discs, a standard DVD, and a digital copy. Both versions include a commentary track by director/screenwriter Joss Whedon, behind-the-scene featurettes, nine deleted or extended scenes, and a Marvel short film. The only thing we're left wanting is—spoiler alert!—some indication that Agent Coulson survived. We have mixed feelings about the rumors littering the internet about Coulson becoming Vision, and apparently so do some big shots at Marvel, but we're hoping somebody finds some way to return the fan favorite to the big screen.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, VAMPIRE HUNTER

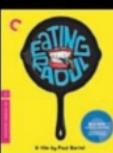
This is the most high-profile historic or literary figure/paranormal mashup to make it off the printed page, and based on its anemic showing at the box office, it may be the last. We think the material would have been better served with a truly tongue-in-cheek treatment, but understand that that approach to a big-budget picture is hard for studio execs to stomach. Still, once you get past the idea that one of history's most celebrated presidents was invested in the outcome of the Civil War because of vampires, there is some fun, campy gore to enjoy.

HIGH-DEF UPDATE



ARACHNOphobia

A deadly giant spider hitches a ride to the States in a coffin, then its offspring terrorize a small town. Seriously, that's the plot. The spider-in-the-popcorn-bowl scene always cracks us up, but the whole film is a fun, ridiculous ride that will convince your date you need to spend the night, just in case there's a spider in her tub. You're welcome.



EATING RAOUL

Watch Mary Woronov and her mile-high legs in domine gear luring unsuspecting swingers to their demise, and perhaps a spot on the menu. Included are a documentary, two short films, a gag reel, and a commentary track.—Christine Colby

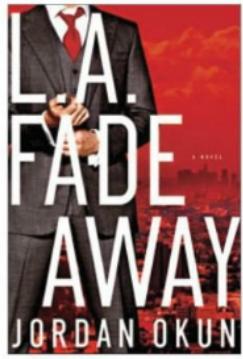


RE-ANIMATOR

Jeffrey Combs plays H. P. Lovecraft's mad genius to perfection, performing secret experiments to reanimate corpses. Now you can see in high-def the outrageous scene in which Barbara Crampton receives "head" from a decapitated doctor. Extras include a commentary track, a documentary, and deleted scenes.—C.C. OH



Celluloid Hero

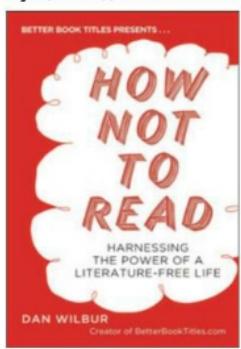


The unnamed protagonist in Jordan Okun's scathing satire, *L.A. Fadeaway*, will stop at nothing to conquer Hollywood—or so he thinks.

L.A. Fadeaway
By Jordan Okun

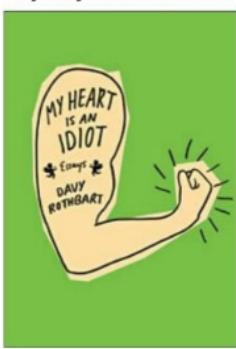
There's not a page in here that isn't profane, crazy, and riveting. Imagine *Entourage* if it were way too dirty for TV. Okun's portrait of the inner workings of a talent agency is ultimately about an extremely macho form of ambition, and how far his unnamed protagonist will go to get to the top and surpass the famed career of his agent father. Along the way, he gets high with a client (as ordered by his boss); sticks his dick into a bag of popcorn, à la *Diner*; finagles a damning DVD from a tabloid; and plots the demise of his rivals. This dick-lit novel from Simon & Schuster works (despite the incessant name-dropping of L.A. restaurants) because it's so utterly outrageous, it sucks you into its maniacal world. When Okun employs a plotline about family to soften his narrator, we balk—we prefer the character as a hot mess.

How Not to Read: Harnessing the Power of a Literature-Free Life
By Dan Wilbur



This humorous book from Perigee looks at literature for those who don't have the time or inclination to actually read. Written by the founder of BetterBookTitles.com, it's like a twisted visual CliffsNotes for adults. Anthony Burgess's *A Clockwork Orange* becomes *Way Easier to Watch Than Read*, while Howard Zinn's *A People's History of the United States* becomes *White People Ruin Everything*. Wilbur offers far more than just mock book covers, though: He guides you through the buzzwords you'll need at cocktail parties to sound well-read, and even includes literary insults. The perfect book for someone who hasn't read one since high school.

My Heart Is an Idiot
By Davy Rothbart



It's no accident that "heart" is in the title of this essay collection from Farrar, Straus and Giroux. The author is sensitive and romantic to a fault as he travels the United States, meeting people and having madcap adventures. But, to his credit, he plumbs every situation, no matter how disastrous, for humor. In the best essay, he exacts revenge on a writing-contest scammer by stalking the con artist, armed with bottles of his own piss, which he eventually lobs at the culprit. Rothbart's wide-eyed enthusiasm wears a little thin, but his stories—of waking up naked in a park, or sharing a swimming pool with a dead body—rarely fail to engage.



East Side.

The Good: Casting win! Terry O'Quinn and Vanessa Williams are perfect as the mysterious owner and his icy wife.

The Bad: Demonic possession can hold our interest for a two-hour movie, but could easily get stale after a full season.

The Verdict: We've got a hung jury, given it's part soap. It's also proof that New Yorkers really *will* sell their souls for the perfect apartment.

Last Resort (ABC)

The Backstory: After refusing orders to fire nuclear missiles at Pakistan, the crew of the *USS Colorado* is attacked by an American warship and forced to hide on a remote island—nuclear weapons in tow.

The Elevator Pitch: *Crimson Tide* meets *Lord of the Flies*.

The Good: Creator Shawn Ryan is the man behind *The Shield*, so we expect a boatload of plot twists and corruption.

The Bad: Its current time slot—leading into the estrogen-fest *Grey's Anatomy*—could sink it.

The Verdict: We're on board!

Chicago Fire (NBC)

The Backstory: Ego trips and drama abound at Firehouse 51—and reach a boiling point after the squad loses one of its own.

The Elevator Pitch: *NYPD Blue* in red.

The Good: Intense action sequences and blazing-hot girls on the paramedic staff.

The Bad: Soapy character melodramas are already dampening our enthusiasm.

The Verdict: Despite missing *Rescue Me*, it's hard for us to get fired up about this.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (REVOLUTION) BOB MAHONEY/NBC, (666 PARK AVENUE) ALLOY ENTERTAINMENT/WARNER BROS. TV/ THE KOBAL COLLECTION, (CHICAGO FIRE) MATT DINERSTEIN/NBC

It's Showtime

The fall TV season brings a mix of high-concept dramas, modernized classics, and quirky comedies that might actually make you look forward to prime time again. Here's our guide to the best and worst new couch-potato fare.

ADDICTIVE DRAMAS

Revolution (NBC)

The Backstory: Fifteen years after a mysterious and permanent blackout, three companions set out to learn why the world lost power and how to reverse it.

The Elevator Pitch: *Lost*, sans electricity.

The Good: *Lost* creator J. J. Abrams is behind it.

The Bad: We're still in the dark about last year's *FlashForward* blackout, and gun-shy about getting wrapped up in another unsolved mystery.

The Verdict: We've been waiting for a successful sci-fi mind fuck to take the place of our cancelled faves. This could be it.

666 Park Avenue (ABC)

The Backstory: A Midwestern couple is hired to manage a luxurious apartment building in Manhattan, but its owner just might be the landlord from hell—literally.

The Elevator Pitch: Amityville meets the Upper

Chicago Fire





GOOD FOR A LAUGH

Next Caller (NBC)

The Backstory: A feminist NPR host is hired to cohost a relationship show, but she's paired with a sexist, spotlight-hogging deejay (Dane Cook).

The Elevator Pitch: Howard Stern and Elisabeth Hasselbeck solve your love problems.

The Good: There's room for funny banter—but how crude can Cook's character be on NBC?

The Bad: There's been talk of redevelopment and at least one cast change—possible signs that something isn't clicking.

The Verdict: Our expectations are low.

1600 Penn (NBC)

The Backstory: The Gilchrist family has the usual dysfunction—overeager stepmom, underachieving son—with the notable

exception that Dad is the leader of the free world.

The Elevator Pitch: *Arrested Development* goes presidential.

The Good: Bill Pullman is President again, so we're all set if aliens attack.

The Bad: We have no idea what to expect from writer Jon Lovett, a former Obama speechwriter with a blank Hollywood résumé.

The Verdict: The show has generated so much buzz, it's our civic duty to give it a chance.

Guys With Kids (NBC)

The Backstory: A stay-at-home father of four adjusts to parenthood with the help of his equally unevolved friends.

The Elevator Pitch: *The Hangover* with offspring.

The Good: It's an overplayed premise, but if anyone can make

daddyhood funny, it's creator Jimmy Fallon.

The Bad: It could just tread the usual poop-and-spit-up turf.

The Verdict: We're devising a diaper-joke drinking game in case things go sour.

Animal Practice (NBC)

The Backstory: A veterinarian who loves pets/hates their owners butts heads with the new director of his clinic—who happens to be his ex.

The Elevator Pitch: *House* treats animals.

The Good: Costars Justin Kirk (*Weeds*) and Tyler Labine (*Reaper*) both have a knack for offbeat comedy.

The Bad: It's a little too close to *Dr. Dolittle* for our comfort.

The Verdict: NBC chose this as the follow-up to the Olympic closing ceremony, but we'll still check it out.

WHAT'S OLD IS NEW AGAIN

Arrow (CW)

The Backstory: Five years after he's presumed dead in a shipwreck, a philandering billionaire is found alive on an island. He creates a vigilante alter ego to reconcile his wild past and unravel the mystery behind his father's disappearance.

The Elevator Pitch: *Smallville: Green Arrow Edition*.

The Good: It's been compared to Christopher Nolan's Batman films, which should sit well with DC fans.

The Bad: The CW is known for tween-porn like *90210* and *Gossip Girl*, and pretty-boy action like *Smallville* and *Supernatural*, so we'll likely see way too much of Arrow's abs.

The Verdict: We're cautiously optimistic.

Elementary (CBS)

The Backstory: In this modernized take on *Sherlock Holmes*, the detective is in rehab and Watson is a girl.

The Elevator Pitch: Let's remake *Sherlock Holmes* again!

The Good: Lucy Liu is the sexiest Watson in the history of Watsons.

The Bad: Seriously? It hasn't even been a year since the last "modernized take" on these mysteries.

The Verdict: We'll finally see if the century-old sexual tension between Holmes and Watson comes to a head!

Hannibal (NBC)

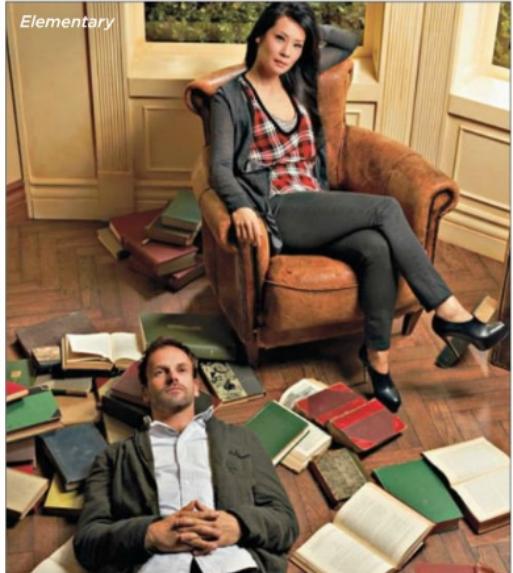
The Backstory: A criminal profiler teams up with Dr. Hannibal Lecter, a brilliant psychiatrist with an uncanny knack for tracking down serial killers. Holy dramatic irony, Batman!

The Elevator Pitch: *Silence of the Lambs: The Early Years*.

The Good: NBC green-lighted a full season based on the killer script—no pilot needed; that's a good sign. And the cable-esque story arc (only 13 episodes per season) should leave us wanting more.

The Bad: Hannibal's particular brand of liver-eating psychosis isn't exactly network-friendly.

The Verdict: Hannibal might be even creepier as Mr. Nice Guy. We can't wait to invite him for dinner. 





REVIEWS

RAGING REDUX

Dinosaur Jr.'s original members haven't missed a beat since re-forming in 2005, and their new disc is a high-water mark.



Dinosaur Jr.

I Bet on Sky

Jagjaguwar

★★★½



Who says there are no second acts in American lives? Dinosaur Jr. has been putting the lie to F. Scott Fitzgerald's old line since their original lineup reunited in 2005. *I Bet on Sky*, the third post-reunion album, is an out-and-out career peak, ranking with the best records of their late-eighties indie-rock heyday, when they created their signature sound that combines J Mascis's just-woke-up vocals with gale-force guitar. That foundation remains, but they've found fresh ways to reformulate it, adding keyboard and piano on the gorgeous "Don't Pretend You Didn't Know," which, like the gently catchy "Almost Fare," opts for grooves before riffage. Of course, Mascis's guitar is in glorious effect, too, as on "I Know It Oh So Well," which comes careening out on peeling wah-wah effects and pounding toms. "Pierce the Morning Rain" features a bounding, two-part riff, and both of bassist Lou Barlow's songs, "Rude" and "Recognition," also score. This dinosaur is omnivorous, and far from extinct.



Bob Mould

Silver Age

Merge

★★★



Bob Mould is back where many of his most ardent fans want him: fronting an airtight power-pop trio and wielding his guitar like a tommy gun.

He's got some ace players behind him, too, in Superchunk drummer Jon Wurster and Split Single and Telekinesis bassist Jason Narducy. On *Silver Age*, they crank out ten lean speed burners that reach back to Mould's late-eighties Hüsker Dü and early-nineties Sugar modes, while embracing more straight-ahead pop moves than either of those bands ever did. "Star Machine" and "Silver Age" get things off to a kinetic start, and the energy never flags through the epic thump of "Steam of Hercules" and the rueful "Round the City Square." Album closers "Keep Believing" and "First Time Joy," in both their titles and tone, sum up the record: This is the sound of a man reinvigorated, and reveling in it.



Bloc Party

Four

Frenchkiss Records

★★★



Arguably to a fault, English indie rockers Bloc Party have been determined never to repeat themselves from record to record. Over three albums, they've ranged from angular guitar-rock to more restrained, layered songs to electronica-tinged material. On *Four*, the guitars are back, but this is no return to the freewheeling style of their 2005 debut, *Silent Alarm*: The songs are angry, challenging, and all over the stylistic map. There are twitchy, rattling numbers filled with bitterness and menace ("3x3" and "Team A," on which Kele Okereke bellows, "I'm going to ruin your life!"), and filtered-sunlight ballads ("Day Four," "The Healing"). There's even a blues-tinged rocker ("Coliseum"), and a fast-and-fuzzy, Swell Maps-style closer ("We're Not Good People"). There may be too many ideas here, but fans who spend enough time with it will be rewarded.



Calexico

Algiers

Anti- Records

★★★



The title of Calexico's eighth studio album refers not to the capital of Algeria, but to one of the oldest neighborhoods in New Orleans, on the West Bank of the Mississippi River, where the alt-country vets recorded the disc. While that city's rich musical legacy didn't influence the new record's sound, New Orleans, as one of America's greatest melting pots, is an appropriate location for Calexico. The band has always mixed a rich gumbo of influences—from Mexican mariachi and Tejano styles to Southwestern country, Americana, and indie rock—into their expert songs. *Algiers* meets their usual high standard in songs like the Latin-tinged "Puerto" and the atmospheric shuffle of the wordless title track. "Sinner in the Sea" charts a bridge from Havana to the California-Mexico border, while "Hush" exerts a restrained power with pedal steel and vocals that match the song's title.

MUSICIAN CAMEOS IN MOVIES

The musician-to-actor transition usually works out better than the other way around.

PHOTOGRAPH BY (DAVE GROHL) NEWLINE/COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION (CALEXICO) WEINSTEIN COMPANY/COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION (JACK WHEDON) COLUMBIA PICTURES/COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION (KIMIE MANN) GRAMERCY PICTURES/COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION (GIGI PORT) PHOTOSHOT/GETTY IMAGES



Musician, film: Dave Grohl, *Tenacious D in the Pick of Destiny*
Character: Satan
Acting chops: 8. The makeup doesn't hurt, but Grohl completely sheds his nice-guy persona while snarling Satanesque lines like the one below.
Importance to film: 8. The Pick of Destiny originates with Satan—naturally—and he won't quit till he reclaims it.
Money quote: "Yes, you are fucked! Shit out of luck! Now I'm complete, my cock you will suck!"

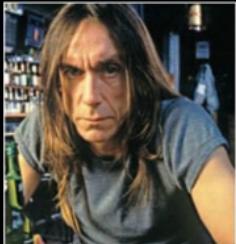
Musician, film: Calexico and My Morning Jacket's Jim James, *I'm Not There*
Character: Brass Band
Acting chops: 7. They perform a standout version of Bob Dylan's "Goin' to Acapulco."
Importance to film: 8. It's arguably the most beautiful moment in this strange, expressionistic movie.
Money quote: "It's a wicked life, but what the hell/ Everybody's got to eat/ And I'm just the same as anyone else/ When it comes to scratching for my meat."



Musician, film: Jack White, *Walk Hard*
Character: Elvis Presley
Acting chops: 7.5. It takes balls to play the King, and White gives it a good shot.
Importance to film: 7. Dewey Cox walks hard to the King, and gets put in his place.
Money quote: Let's see, it went something like this: "Sail on to Memfus, stay all nigh', with a lil' bitta honey and lil' bitta June bug."

Musician, film: Almee Mann, *The Big Lebowski*
Character: Nihilist Woman, Franz's Girlfriend
Acting chops: 7. She has just the one line, ordering Lingonberry pancakes at the

diner (in German), but few would doubt that she is a nihilist would-be kidnapper, especially when the camera pans beneath the table....
Importance to film: 9. What's revealed in the pan is that Mann's character has sacrificed a toe for the nihilists' "kidnapping" scheme—and that they don't actually have Bunny Lebowski.
Money quote: [Delivered by John Goodman's Walter Sobchak in reference to the nihilists' toe delivery]: "You want a toe? I can get you a toe, believe me.... Hell, I can get you a toe by three o'clock this afternoon ... with nail polish."



Musician, film: Iggy Pop, *Dead Man*
Character: Salvatore "Sally" Jenko
Acting chops: 5. Iggy overreaches a bit, and there's a big difference between his performance and those of Billy Bob Thornton and Jared Harris, the pros in the scene with him. But he does wear the hell out of that bonnet.
Importance to film: 7. Some welcome comic relief in the deliberately paced film.
Money quote: [From Thornton's character, Big George]: "Well, Sally, I don't give a pig's ass what anybody says, I still say you make a hell of a pot of beans."

MONSTER TRACKS

Indispensable songs for your Halloween-party playlist:

"Werewolves of London," Warren Zevon, 1978

Peak chart position: 21

"I saw a werewolf drinkin' a Piña Colada at Trader Vic's/ And his hair was perfect."

"Monster Mash," Bobby "Boris" Pickett (and the Crypt Kickers), 1962

Peak chart position: 1

"The ghouls all came from their humble abodes/ To get a jolt from my electrodes."

"Halloween," Misfits, 1981

Peak chart position: —

"Candy apples and razor blades/ Little dead are soon in graves."

"The Haunted House of Rock," Whodini, 1983

Peak chart position: 55

"The emcee of the night rappin' to the tunes/ Is the creature from the black lagoon."

"Zombie Dance," the Cramps, 1979

Peak chart position: —

"They tap their toes/ But they don't get sweaty/ They don't give a damn/ They're done dead already." O+²

The Cramps





PREVIEWS

Resident Evil 6

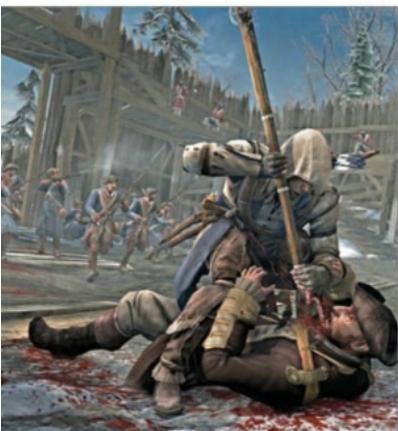


CAPCOM (XBOX 360, PS3)

In a twist that might land the game on government watch lists, the newest *Resident Evil* offering opens with the U.S. president going rottenly rogue and taking a bite out of his Secret Service detail; it's up to superagent Leon Kennedy to put down the undead POTUS. So begins the latest chapter in a franchise famous for its convoluted zombie-apocalypse scenarios and leap-out-of-your-La-Z-Boy moments. A bioterror weapon has gone viral, reanimating the recently deceased and turning the living into the walking dead. The game actually features three concurrent plots as seen through the eyes of its playable antiterrorists—the aforementioned Kennedy, series regular Chris Redfield, and a new hero—as they globe-trot from North Africa to Eastern Europe to China to stop the virus.

You don't need to be a keeper of the *Resident Evil* canon to have fun here, though. The game boils down to a series of set-piece action

sequences sandwiched among nerve-fraying gunfights through zombie-zoo streets, subway tunnels, castle corridors, and secret labs. (You can play the game cooperatively with a friend if you need hand-holding.) A breed apart from their shambling cinema/TV brethren, the walking dead here will sprint, leap, and even wield weapons. More advanced virus victims mutate into hideous forms when they take damage, forcing you to modify your tactics as you expend ammo. A revised control scheme means players can shoot on the run, dive in any direction, and take cover behind structures. That all might sound like standard shooting-game acrobatics, but these control tweaks are a series first. Such radical changes shouldn't be a surprise in a game that starts with a guy named Kennedy shooting the president.



ASSASSIN'S CREED III

UBISOFT (XBOX 360, PS3, Wii U, PC)
Assassin's Creed III transplants its scowling, cowl-wearing hero from the old world to the new, unleashing him in the American Colonies circa 1775. Spill plenty of redcoat blood as you creep through bustling cities and cross chaotic battlefields—from Lexington to Bunker Hill—on the hunt for Templar troublemakers. Your assassin's stock-in-trade expands well beyond hidden blades and arrows this time; you'll even captain your own cannon-laden square-rigger up and down the Eastern seaboard, engaging in naval battles with Templar ships. Along the way, you'll foment revolution with Founding Fathers from George Washington to Benjamin Franklin. If only history class was this kickass.

NHL 13

EA SPORTS (XBOX 360, PS3)

This series of hockey simulators has come a long way since its star-making cameo in the nineties bromantic comedy *Swingers*. And while it won't let you make Wayne Gretzky's head bleed like in the film, this installment hits the ice with a new physics system that re-creates the speed, momentum, and molar-ejecting impacts of the arena. Brainier artificial intelligence allows teammates, opponents, and goalies to take in the big picture rather than just react to whoever is moving the puck, so don't expect to rely on breakaway tactics that worked in past releases. If you get bored of season play or online league games, take a break and replay famous scenarios from NHL history, complete with real TV footage to set the scene.

XCOM: ENEMY UNKNOWN

2K GAMES (XBOX 360, PS3, PC)

This sequel to a much-beloved PC hit requires a cerebral mix of global diplomacy, tactical planning, and dead-eye aim to repulse an alien invasion. As the leader of a paramilitary organization charged with monitoring the threat, you'll deploy troops to countries under attack and lead those defenders in turn-based battles set in fully destructible environments. Successful missions yield increased funding from grateful nations, plus alien technology that your R&D department can study to invent new gear, from cloaking armor to psionic weaponry. By the time the invasion flares into a full-scale war, you'll come to realize you can't save every country. That smack of reality could be a bitter pill for players weaned on complete victory. O+ E

Cheap Scares

Sever limbs without spending an arm and a leg.



Doom 3: BFG Edition

Bethesda Softworks (Xbox 360, PS3, PC)

Blast high-definition hell spawn in this revamped collection of the first three *Doom* games, progenitors of the first-person-shooter genre.



Hybrid

5th Cell (Xbox 360)

Don a jet pack and take on hideous alien-human hybrids spawned from a Hadron Supercollider explosion in this near-future shooter.



The Walking Dead

Telltale Games (Xbox 360, PS3, PC/Mac)

Each \$5 installment in this downloadable adventure series—based on the comic book—delivers more plot twists and character development than a full season of the TV show. O+ E



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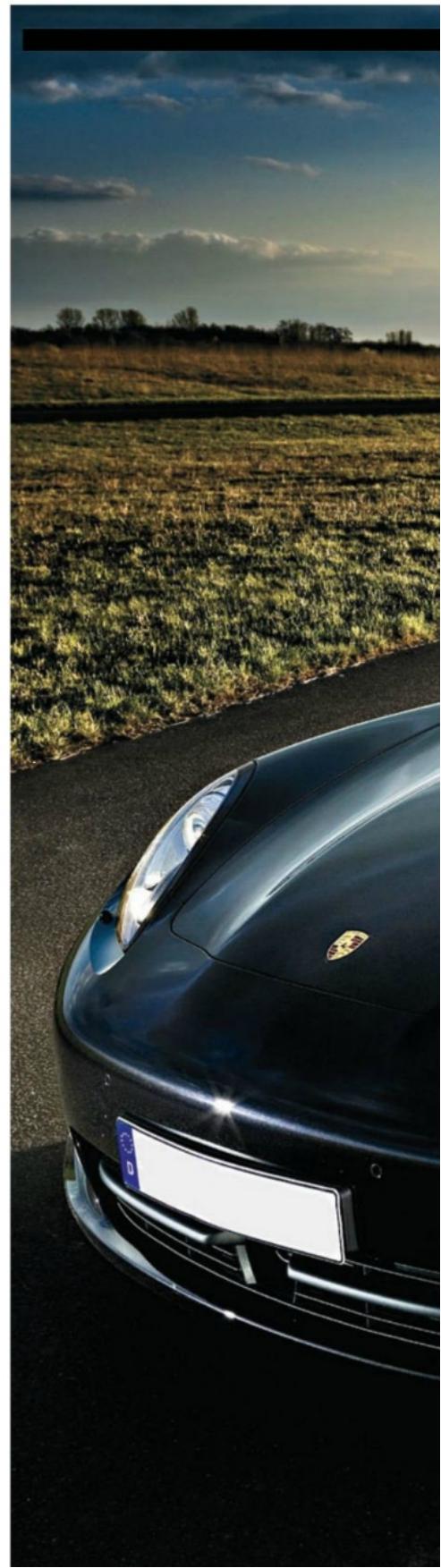
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STILL **HOT**, EVEN WITH THE BAGGAGE

The Porsche mystique roars on, and lets you share the experience.

By Bill Heald



There's an amazing thing about Porsche: The company's depth of engineering and design expertise, along with the peerless understanding of its own brand, means that it can build pretty much anything with wheels and still stay true to the marque. Porsche did it when it graced the world with its Cayenne SUV about a decade ago, and again most recently with a big, roomy five-door sedan that has a dizzying array of available powertrains. It manages to possess the kind of performance and attitude the name demands, but before we examine the awesome mechanicals, let's take a gander at the svelte bodywork that surrounds this long, low, front-engine, rear- (or all-wheel-) drive masterwork called the Panamera.

Built on an expansive wheelbase just shy of 115 inches, the "family" Porsche offers generous passenger room but still has the low, wide look that defines this sexy German icon. It's almost as if a large Hulk-like creature grabbed a 911 Carrera and stretched it to a longer length, and then (stylishly) grafted on two more doors. A rear hatchback gives access to decent cargo capacity for your exotic Maruman golf clubs, and all those doors let you haul your whole foursome. And speaking of hauling, as promised, the Panamera has boatloads of engine options (there's a total of eight versions of the car), starting with a 3.6-liter, 300-horsepower V-6 and either rear- or all-wheel drive. This is Porsche's first V-6 design, and we guarantee it has teeth.

The transmission is a seven-speed Porsche-Doppelkupplungsgetriebe (PDK) double-clutch gearbox with auto start/stop technology. The PDK name is not only worth a lot of points in German Scrabble; it's also a very sophisticated gearbox found on all Panameras except the hybrid model (which uses a Tiptronic S transmission). The PDK is one of those new-generation automatics that shifts with the direct precision of a manual, without the bother of a clutch. Start/stop means the engine shuts down at stoplights while all the accessories still operate, in the interest of saving fuel.

And as we're firing up the engine, let's look at more choices under the bonnet. If you like to spare the environment yet still enjoy the exquisite Porsche experience, a hybrid model is available that combines a 333-horsepower supercharged V-6 with a

47-horsepower electric motor to get to 60 mph in less than six seconds, as well as get the best gas mileage of any production Porsche. It's as green as the aforementioned Hulk, yet it gives up little in outright performance.

But if you're all about the horses under the hood, you can opt for the Panamera S, 4S, GTS, or Turbo S. With these Panameras, you are graced with a stunning 4.6-liter V-8 that in the normally aspirated units delivers 400 horsepower (430 with the GTS). But life is short, and we say you should pick up your date as quickly as possible. Therefore, our choice is the Panamera Turbo S with 550 horsepower and standard all-wheel drive. Twin turbos pump the V-8 to joyous levels of torque output at all rpms, and with the Sport Chrono Package you push a button and "overboost" temporarily spikes torque output at 590 foot-pounds. This allows you to really punish your tires, and/or flirt with the fabric of the space-time continuum.

As with all Panameras, the unit-body design enhances the handling of the car with strong, lightweight construction, thanks to extensive use of boron steel, aluminum, magnesium, and the latest in composite technology. Still concerned those extra doors slight the Porsche racing heritage? As the company points out, even the placement of the start button comes from the traditional sprint to the car at the start of Le Mans: "By positioning the starter to the left of the steering wheel, the Porsche driver could start the car with his or her left hand while shifting gears with the right and thus get a jump start on competitors trying to do both with the same hand." You see? A bigger Porsche is still a Porsche, only more so. 

PORSCHE PANAMERA TURBO S

SPECIFICATIONS

Body style	Front-engine, five-door sedan
Engine	Turbocharged 90-degree V-8
Power	550 horsepower
Torque	553 foot-pounds
Transmission	Seven-speed PDK automatic
Front tires	255/40 ZR20
Rear tires	295/35 ZR20
Curb weight	4,398 pounds

PERFORMANCE

0-60	3.8 seconds
Top speed	190 mph
Fuel capacity	26.4 gallons
EPA mpg	15 city/23 highway
Base price	\$174,175





Never Count Him Out

Hand Erik Buell a setback, and he'll build an amazing new machine.

By Bill Heald

If you live outside of U.S. motorcycle-road-racing circles, you may not know the story of Erik Buell and the struggles he endured to bring a special brand of American motorcycle to market. He started as a racer, became an engineer for Harley-Davidson, and ultimately created sport and sport-touring motorcycles under his name that originally used Harley's Sportster V-twin engines. The Motor Company acquired controlling interest in Buell's efforts and then took full control in 2003, but after only six years (and steady improvements to the bikes) Harley decided to close Buell's doors for good. You might have thought that would be the end of Erik's efforts, but only if you didn't really know Buell or his passion for sporting motorcycles.

Behold Erik Buell Racing, and its first creation: the EBR 1190RS. Where some would have seen the abandonment of Harley's ownership as a disaster, Erik realized he had the opportunity to build on all the innovations and experience from decades of developing his own breed of motorcycle, and craft a bike free from the restrictions a big corporation can impose on a designer. Erik's experience as a racer and his creative drive as an engineer meant he was always looking for ways to improve performance (especially handling). But for every unusual engineering solution Buell came up with (the original motto of his first company was "Different in Every Sense"), there were production considerations that limited full deployment of his ideas.

With the EBR 1190RS, the new company is free to worry less about the price tag and more about getting it right. Already successfully racing



This unique sport bike demonstrates the successful culmination of one man's skill, passion, and tenacity.

in the AMA Superbike class, the RS production model comes in limited numbers. Austria's Rotax builds the torque-rich, liquid-cooled, 175-horsepower V-twin engine, and Buell's innovative chassis includes massive aluminum-frame spars (and the fuel is contained within this backbone in an internal reservoir). A Buell trademark has always been to distribute components to centralize the bike's mass as low as possible, with the ultimate aim of lightning-quick steering along with excellent high-speed stability. Wilder still is the front brake, where instead of two rotors it has one enormous one, as favored by Buell for years to lower unsprung weight. The first time I used Buell's design in anger a few years ago, I was delighted to experience strong, smooth brake response on par with anything out there. It works.

The RS is a stunning motorcycle; supremely exclusive and built by passionate, dedicated people. Two paint schemes and an ultra-tasty carbon version are available, but only 100 units will be sold. After that, Erik Buell assures the motorcycle world that more models are on the way. This is only the beginning of what Buells were always meant to be: distinctly American designs to take on the best in the world. +1

SPECIFICATIONS

Engine type	Liquid-cooled V-twin
Bore x stroke	106 mm x 67.5 mm
Displacement	1,190 cc
Fuel system	Electronic fuel injection
Ignition	Electronic
Transmission	Six speed
Front suspension	43-mm Öhlins male slider forks, fully adjustable
Rear suspension	Öhlins monoshock, fully adjustable
Front brake	Single 386-mm disc, eight-piston caliper
Rear brake	Single 220-mm disc
Front tire	120/70 R17
Rear tire	190/55 R17
Fuel tank	4.5-gallon capacity
Wheelbase	56.57 inches
Seat height	30.5 inches
Dry weight	389 pounds
Base price	\$39,999; carbon: \$43,999





MODERN CONVENIENCES

Embrace the present with these upgrades and upgradable goodies.

By Crispin Boyer

■ LED ES8000 HDTV

Samsung • \$3,750

This monolithic 55-incher might cost more than a used Hyundai, but it will retain its value better. Unlike most boob tubes that become obsolete after a few years, this one can be upgraded much like a PC. Kits available next year will swap in new CPUs, graphics processors, and expanded RAM. Gesture- and voice-recognition controls allow you to navigate the channels if you lose the remote, while Samsung's integrated Smart Hub offers access to hundreds of media-enriching apps. The display delivers full 1080p resolution in both 2-D and 3-D, plus its minimalist metallic design looks sharp even when switched off.



■ Galileo robotic camera platform

Motrr • \$130

A success story from the entrepreneur-funding site Kickstarter.com, the Galileo is a motorized mount that turns your iPhone or iPod touch into a remote-control camera system capable of 360-degree viewing. Just plug your iOS device into the mount, initiate a video call, then pan and tilt the Galileo from another iPhone, an iPad, or a web browser. Although it's only the size of a bar of soap, the Galileo packs powerful servos that deliver ultraresponsive panning and tilting—up to 200 degrees of motion per second. Throw in an intuitive interface and a rechargeable battery for outlet-free operation, and it's no wonder the Galileo hit its fund-raising goal of \$100,000 in just a few days.



■ PS 210 BTNC noise-canceling headphones

Phiaton • \$159

The latest Bluetooth and noise-canceling technologies collide in this svelte pair of headphones, perfect for the gym, subway, airplane—anywhere that silence is golden. The audio processor blocks up to 95 percent of background noise from drowning out your music (and phone calls via the built-in microphone). Bluetooth 3.0 connectivity offers greater sound clarity and lower power consumption, but you can still plug them in the old-fashioned way if they start to run out of juice (you'll get 11 hours of noise-cancellation on a full charge). The comfy half-in-ear design of the cups cuts down on ear fatigue, too.



■ Rukus solar-powered radio

Etón • \$149

Make the most of those fading summer rays with this solar-powered speaker dock. The monocrystalline solar panel soaks up a full charge in about six hours, and it will power your smartphone or tablet via USB continuously as long as the sun is shining (you can switch to an AC adapter indoors). The 14-watt stereo speakers won't exactly rock the block, but they provide decent sound for the campsite or worksite. Bluetooth connectivity cuts down on cabling (although you can use a wired connection if you prefer), and a kangaroo pouch keeps your media player snug but handy for tune control.



■ DIR-505 SharePort

D-Link • \$70

An unsung gadget that puts function over form, D-Link's ugly little SharePort creates a media-rich Wi-Fi network wherever you are. First, stick the mouse-size device into a power outlet using its built-in plug, then connect your media-crammed USB thumb drive or portable hard drive. The SharePort immediately begins sharing your movies, music, photos, and other files to any laptop, smartphone, or tablet in range that's running the free D-Link app. Jack it into any wired networks—at home, in hotels, or in boardrooms—with an Ethernet cable to create an instant Wi-Fi hot spot. The SharePort even charges your mobile device, making it a handy addition to the junk pocket of your overnight bag.



■ Thin+Light ultrabook

Vizio • \$950

Not content with cornering the budget-TV market, scrappy electronics maker Vizio is storming the PC biz with a line of laptops (and an all-in-one desktop) that delivers highfalutin features and form factors for down-to-earth prices. The 15.6-inch Thin+Light is the best value, considering its stats. It packs a third-generation iCore processor, a bloatware-free operating system that boots up in seconds, ultrasharp 1,920 by 1,080 resolution, and battery life that tops six hours. Even more surprising is the sexy design. The ultrathin aluminum shell and thinly framed display invoke obvious comparisons to the thrice-the-price MacBook, so expect snooty glares from Apple snobs when you tote this little number to the coffee shop.

■ NSZ-GS7 media player

Sony • \$200

It's not the cheapest way to add "smart" internet-connected functions to your dumb older TV, but this Google TV-powered set-top box is the most app-rich and easiest to use. Its secret weapon is its smartphone-inspired remote, which features a trackpad and a full QWERTY keyboard that glows when you dim the lights. Use the remote to browse the internet while simultaneously watching TV in a smaller window. Type in the names of any shows, movies, or sporting events you'd like to watch, and the media player will put together a playlist from all available sources, from live TV to YouTube to Netflix. 

Fat Chances

Our twenty-first-century rogue tells you how to lose weight without losing the respect of your boys.

Illustration by Celia Calle



I was recently emailing with an old high school fling about our upcoming class reunion. After some back and forth, she sent me a message asking, "Are you still as cute as you were back in the day? If so, we may have to sneak under the bleachers again for old time's sake." I popped a stiffy that could give the school flagpole a run for its money, till I remembered that we haven't seen each other since graduation. I'm going to have to drop 20 pounds to have any chance with her. Now I'm trying to lose weight, but my boys have been riding me for limiting myself to one beer at the bar and eating salads instead of burgers. I stopped going out with them altogether, but then they only gave me more shit for being lame.

What's the best way to lose some weight without losing my friends? And don't say hit the gym—I'm allergic to exercise. Besides, I'm not looking for a six-pack. I just want to get down to a weight where I can fool this girl by sucking it in, after which she'll be sucking it.

You have a choice between being a fatass and being the butt of the joke. You'd think your boys would understand that you're trying to get slim in order to get some trim, but I suspect explaining that to them would only make the jokes worse. My advice is, tell them, "Yeah, you guys are right, fuck this no-drinking shit," then pull the old Tijuana-stripper trick: Suck their dicks for \$50. Oh, wait, not that one. Tell them you're pounding vodka when you're actually drinking water. Yes, you're going to have to start buying a lot of rounds out of their earshot to make this work, or when you get to the bar, immediately say you need to hit the john and, on your way, slip your waitress a fiver, tell her you're secretly the designated driver, and every time you order a Martini, she's to bring you a frosty Martini glass of water with olives in it. As your boys get progressively more obnoxious, apologize for their behavior and tip her more; she might find your manners so refreshing that you'll get laid for once.

As for the steak house, try a little something I call *bro-limia*. Go ahead and wolf down that porterhouse and swill that beer. When you hit the sidewalk after dinner, fall a couple of steps behind your boys, discreetly stick a finger down your throat, and let 'er rip. The key here is to say something hilarious before you heave, and to do it on something funny. Ideal situation: You say "Yo no quiero Taco Bell!" and puke on a Chihuahua. You've dropped a pound and become a legend.

If barfing on small animals and children isn't appealing, remember that no one's going to fault you for choosing the lobster, which packs less than 150 calories (watch the butter!). For bar grub, rock the guac every time. It's stealth chick food, basically just avocado, tomato, and onions. Sure, you're going to want the sliders instead. Just remind yourself that nothing tastes as good as fucking feels. 

Ingredients of Success

From seaweed to oysters to smoked pig heads, daring brewers are using offbeat edibles to deliciously break down the boundaries of beer.

By Joshua M. Bernstein

Beer is built upon the power of four: water, hops, barley, and yeast. Cooked up, cooled down, and allowed to relax, that quartet of ingredients creates America's favorite mood-brightening beverage.

But if four ingredients are great, what about five? Or six? Or perhaps oysters, wild yeast that creates stinky-cheese aromas, and coffee beans digested by a weasel-like creature? These days, maverick brewers are riding a streak of unbridled—and, occasionally, unhinged—creativity to construct beers that, at first taste, seem like a double-dog dare gone awry.

For example, last fall at Denver's Great American Beer Festival, I was drawn to Right Brain Brewery, a humble outfit in Traverse City, Michigan, that was pouring the Mangalitsa Pig Porter. Each batch contained four cold-smoked Mangalitsa pig heads—brains removed—and assorted bones. While the brew was a vegetarian's darkest nightmare, the result was a dry, subtly smoky delight.

Other brewers utilize oysters by dumping shucked bivalves and their salty broth directly into the brew kettle. Sip Porterhouse Brewing Company's Oyster Stout or Flying Dog's Pearl Necklace Oyster Stout, and you may not immediately discern the oceanic flavor. But drink the brew, then down an oyster, and the beer's sweetness will draw out the bivalve's corresponding flavor, while the stout's briny component will be accentuated.

In addition to creatures, some brewers tinker with unlikely spices, vegetables, and fruit. In the United Kingdom, Wells and Young's manufactures the Banana Bread Beer, while Michigan's Short's Brewing Company uses dill, Roma tomatoes, celery seeds, peppercorns, and fresh horseradish to make its A.M.-appropriate Bloody Beer. Rogue Ales relies on peppers to create its Chipotle Ale, and San Antonio's Freetail Brewing employs algae for its green-tinted Spirulina Wit. While these ingredients may be odd,



they're not a danger to a brewery—unlike *Brettanomyces*.

Carefully controlled, that wild yeast imparts complex flavors, such as stinky cheese eaten in a musty basement—trust me, it works. The drawback is that the wild yeast has a savage appetite. If it infiltrates unintended beers, the hard-to-kill fungus will devour carbohydrates till it deep-sixes the desired flavor. Using "Brett," as it's sometimes known, is a bit like playing with fire. San Diego's Green Flash brewery gladly entered the inferno.

"When we challenged ourselves to create the Green Flash version of a flagship Belgian, we were uncertain as to how the process would unfold," says Mike Hinkley, cofounder of Green Flash, which is renowned for its IPAs and potent Belgian-style ales. "We started by asking ourselves, 'What would Green Flash be if we were brewing in Belgium 80 years ago?'" The crew surmised that pre-World War II beers were likely infected with Brett. Thus, the team spent four years perfecting Brett-infected Rayon Vert—that is, Green Flash—a bone-dry, riotously bubbly elixir that faintly recalls a barnyard frolic.

Take a walk on the wild side with these sublime, mad-scientist brews. 

FLYING DOG BREWERY

PEARL NECKLACE OYSTER STOUT
The Maryland brewery uses locally harvested Rappahannock River oysters to concoct Pearl Necklace. It's crammed with roasted-malt goodness and a dry, coffee-like finish. Even better: Proceeds go to the Chesapeake Bay's Oyster Recovery Partnership.

MIKKELLER BEER

EEK BRUNCH WEASEL
Gypsy brewer Mikkel Borg Bjergsø's oatmeal stout is constructed with Vietnamese coffee beans that have been fed to and, uh, "harvested" from the droppings of the civet cat—the namesake weasel. The oil-thick imperial stout is a smooth, chocolaty ride with a rich espresso flavor.

WILLIAMS BROS. BREWING COMPANY

KELPIE
Barley in Scotland was once grown in fields fertilized with seaweed. To replicate that effect, the Scottish brewery added a measure of seaweed to the dark mash, creating a rich and malty ale that tastes like the offspring of the ocean and a bar of chocolate.

DOGFISH HEAD CRAFT BREWED ALES

CHATEAU JIAHU
After archaeologists in northern China's Jiahu village discovered pottery that contained traces of an alcoholic tipple, Delaware's Dogfish Head re-created it with orange-blossom honey, hawthorn berries, Muscat grapes, brown-rice syrup, and sake yeast.

BLUE MOON BREWING COMPANY

VINTAGE BLONDE ALE
Here's a brew that wine and beer drinkers can both agree upon: Vintage Blonde Ale is made with juice pressed from Chardonnay grapes, creating an appealingly crisp, dry character that's suited for either a pint glass or a goblet. 





wild, wild west

"I had my wild times when I was younger," says 27-year-old Winona West, who grew up in Clearwater, Florida. "Now I live in Las Vegas, and it suits me very well. I'm feisty, fiery, and sometimes still wild!"

Photographs by Christopher Love

"I never have to get in the mood for an erotic photo shoot. I love getting naked. I think if everyone walked around nude, the world would be a better place."









"It's easy to tell when the time is right to make love to a new man. If I get wet when he's around, that's it. I kiss him to show him I'm ready, and we take it from there."

A full-page photograph of a nude woman with long dark hair, sitting on a grey couch. She is looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. Her body is positioned in a doggy-style pose, with her arms resting on her thighs. She is wearing black lace stockings. The background is a dark, horizontally striped wall.

"My favorite fantasy is being seduced by a powerful man at a nightclub. He would do me doggie-style right there at his table."



"And that fantasy is related to my story of the most exciting place I've had sex. It was in a nightclub bathroom, and it was amazing!"



SEE MORE OF WINONA AT PENTHOUSE.COM



PENTHOUSE PICKS

We called the L.A. Kings' 2012 Stanley Cup title; can we work the same magic on this year's NFL season?

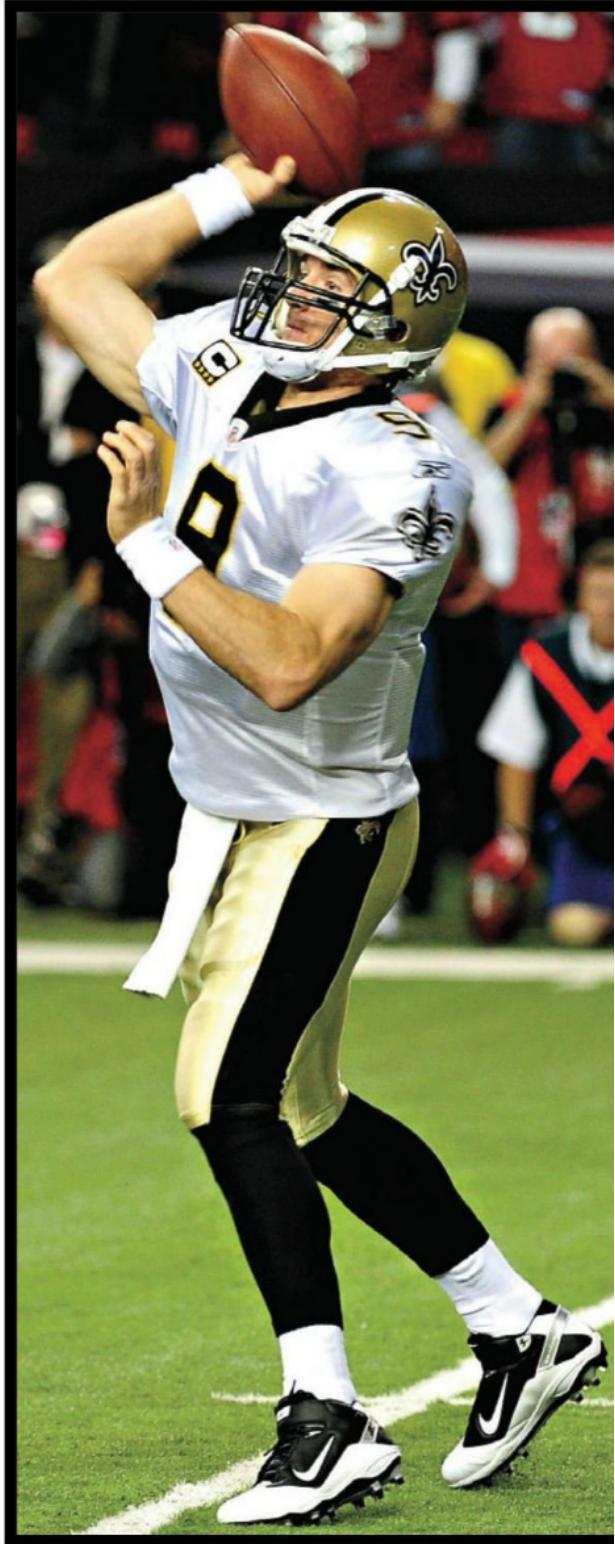
By Peter Schrager

Predicting the NFL division winners in August is no easy task. Since 1996, 93 teams have made the playoffs after not qualifying for the postseason the previous year. The 49ers, Giants, Texans, and Broncos all won their respective divisions last season after not qualifying for the playoffs in 2010-11. But are we going to let those statistical obstacles stop us? *Pffffftt*. We've got crystal balls, experts, and a stack of old *Penthouse* back issues. Here's what they told us about the 2012-13 NFL season:

		NFC	AFC
EAST		Dallas Cowboys 	New England Patriots 
NORTH		Green Bay Packers 	Pittsburgh Steelers 
WEST		San Francisco 49ers 	San Diego Chargers 
SOUTH		New Orleans Saints 	Houston Texans 
WILD-CARD TEAMS		Philadelphia Eagles, New York Giants  	Baltimore Ravens, Buffalo Bills  
CHAMPIONSHIP GAME		Green Bay over San Francisco  	Pittsburgh over Houston  
SUPER BOWL XLVII		Green Bay over Pittsburgh  	

MVP

Drew Brees, Quarterback, New Orleans Saints



NFL

OFFENSIVE PLAYER OF THE YEAR

Michael Vick, Quarterback, Philadelphia Eagles



DEFENSIVE PLAYER OF THE YEAR

Justin Smith, Defensive End, San Francisco 49ers



OFFENSIVE ROOKIE OF THE YEAR

Doug Martin, Running Back, Tampa Bay Buccaneers



DEFENSIVE ROOKIE OF THE YEAR

Janoris Jenkins, Cornerback, St. Louis Rams



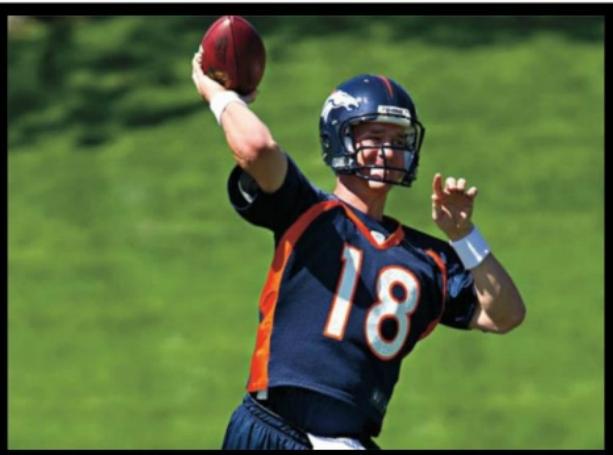
COACH OF THE YEAR

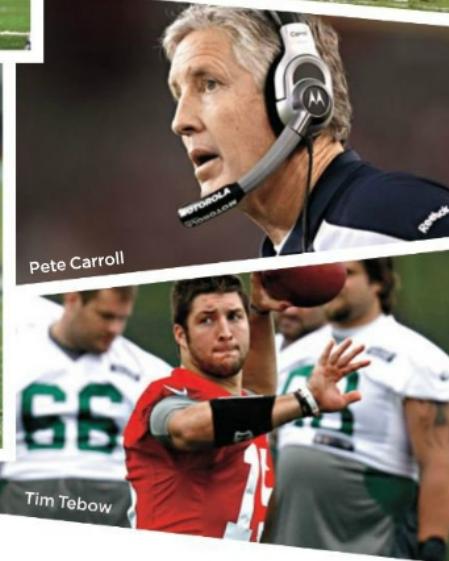
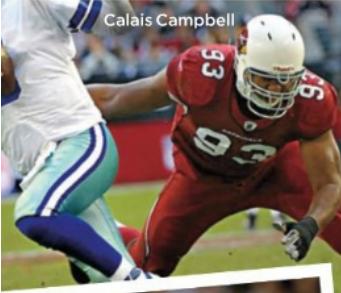
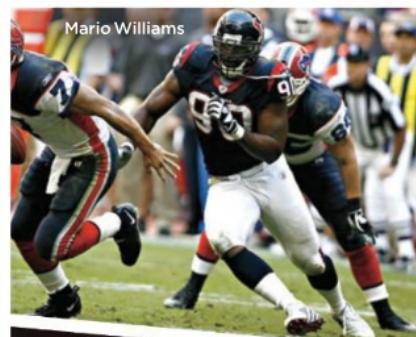
Chan Gailey, Buffalo Bills



COMEBACK PLAYER OF THE YEAR

Peyton Manning, Quarterback, Denver Broncos





Ten More Bold Predictions for the NFL Season

You've seen our playoff picks (that's right: Buffalo's getting a wild card)—now see what else is in store this year.

1 In his tenth NFL season and first as a father, **Tony Romo will put his December demons to rest**, leading Dallas to big wins over the Saints, Steelers, and Eagles down the stretch—and catapulting the Cowboys to the playoffs for the first time in three years.

2 **Peyton Manning's Broncos will start the season 0-3** after losses to the Steelers, Falcons, and Texans. They'll bounce back down the stretch, but still miss the playoffs by a game.

3 **DeMarcus Ware and Mario Williams will both come close to breaking Michael Strahan's single-season sack record** of 22.5, but will fall one sack short.

4 **Chad Ochocinco will steal the show on HBO's *Hard Knocks*.** But that's not the bold prediction—this is: **He will not only make the Dolphins' roster, but he'll also have a productive comeback season in Miami.**

5 **Coach Pete Carroll will have a quarterback controversy on his hands in Seattle**, from preseason onward. Matt Flynn, Tarvaris Jackson, and rookie Russell Wilson will all start games in a disorienting season for the Seahawks faithful.

6 **The Arizona Cardinals defense will finish the year ranked first in the league**, with young stars Calais Campbell, Daryl Washington, and Patrick Peterson producing All-Pro seasons. But San Francisco will edge the young Cards by a game in the NFC West.

7 **Led by their punishing front four of Mario Williams, Marcell Dareus, Mark Anderson, and Kyle Williams**, the new-look Buffalo Bills will make the playoffs for the first time since 1999.

8 **The Minnesota Vikings and Jacksonville Jaguars will struggle mightily in 2012**, with each team finishing at the bottom of their conference standings. Jacksonville will get top pick in the 2013 NFL Draft.

9 **Bounty-gate, schmounty-gate: The New Orleans Saints won't miss a beat without Sean Payton.** This is Drew Brees's team, not Payton's. See preseason picks on page 42.

10 **Tim Tebow will be used primarily as a running back in New York**, confounding defenses with goal-line runs and third-down conversions. He won't start a single game at quarterback in 2012.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (ROMO) RICH SCHULZ/GETTY IMAGES; (MANNING) ROB TRISTRAM/GETTY IMAGES; (WARE) DAVE BOBBLEY/GETTY IMAGES; (WILLIAMS) DARYL HENDERSON/GETTY IMAGES; (CAMPBELL) MCT/GETTY IMAGES; (OCHOCINCO) CHRISTIAN PETERSON/GETTY IMAGES; (CARROLL) KEVIN C. COX/GETTY IMAGES; (TEBO) JEFF ZELAVANSKY/GETTY IMAGES



Who'll Be the Next Victor Cruz?

New York Giants wide receiver Victor Cruz went from being an undrafted, unknown reserve wide receiver in 2010 to a salsa-dancing Super Bowl hero in 2011, making 82 catches for a franchise-record 1,536 yards. Here are five other guys who could make similar meteoric rises this season:

Ryan Williams, Running Back, Arizona Cardinals: A second-round pick in 2011, Williams missed his entire rookie season after a season-ending injury in training camp. He's back, healthy, and ready to take the league by storm in 2012.



J. J. Watt, Defensive End, Houston Texans: Watt saved his best for the most important games of the Texans' 2011 season. In two playoff games, he had 3.5 sacks, 14 tackles, and an interception. Look for even more from this former tight end in 2012.



Geno Atkins, Defensive Tackle, Cincinnati Bengals: Atkins had eight sacks from the defensive tackle position last year, the most in the league, and made his first Pro Bowl. He's only 24. Watch out.



Eddie Royal, Wide Receiver, San Diego Chargers: Lost in Denver's Tebow mania during the past two seasons, the underutilized Royal should flourish with a bona fide NFL quarterback in San Diego. Watch the former Bronco explode



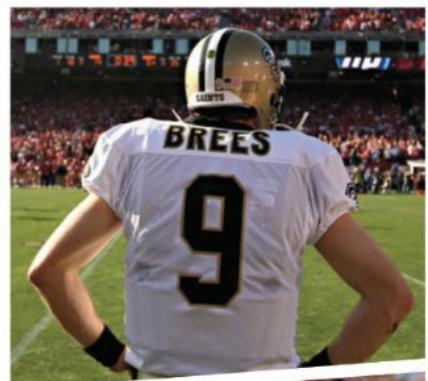
in Norv Turner's high-octane offense.

LaMichael James, Running Back, San Francisco 49ers: A Heisman finalist in 2010, James brings his laser-like speed to an already loaded 49ers roster. Think Darren Sproles.



Knowledge Is Power

Five tips for your upcoming NFL fantasy draft



For NFL fans, Labor Day weekend means hot dogs, hamburgers, and completely ignoring the family to focus on the 2012-13 fantasy-football draft. Keep these pointers in mind on the big day:

1 *Don't be scared to draft a quarterback in the first round.* The NFL's changing. It's a passing league, not a running one. Quarterbacks used to be secondary in fantasy football. Now? You better get a Brees, Rodgers, Brady, Stafford, Newton, or Vick if you want to win.

2 *Just like in the bedroom, handcuffs are good.* Drafting two running backs from the same team isn't a waste of picks. Having both Arian Foster and Ben Tate on your squad is better than having a Packer and a Patriot. Why? Running backs go down with injuries—it happens every year. If you select a top rusher, it's wise to grab his backup as well.

3 *Be wary of the weather.* Take a look at the schedule. If your quarterback plays a bunch of outdoor games in December, you might want to draft a viable backup.

4 *Roll the dice on tight ends.* A star tight end—Rob Gronkowski, Jimmy Graham, Jason Witten—is just as valuable, if not more so, than a No. 1 wide receiver.

5 *Net "Sea-Bass."* Most NFL kickers are interchangeable, but the Raiders' Sebastian Janikowski is something else. Those 50-yard field goals could be the difference between fantasy success and fantasy failure. 



The Last Loyal Mobster

How does a mob boss dodge a death-penalty bullet? Unfortunately for Vinny Basciano, his boss did it by flipping on his captain.

By Anthony M. DeStefano

Dead men tell no tales. But the way they died can speak volumes. In the case of Randolph Pizzolo, there was every indication for New York City police that he was shot dead on a gritty industrial Brooklyn street in the early morning of December 1, 2004, in something other than a robbery. When cops rolled Pizzolo's body over—he had been facedown in a puddle left by a recent rain—they found more than \$1,000 in his wallet. He still had his expensive wristwatch

and a ring on his finger. Clutched in his hand was a cigarette lighter. His late-model BMW 545i was parked about 30 feet away. But perhaps most telling was the fact that his body was riddled with seven bullets. Some nine-millimeter shell casings were arrayed on the ground. The shooting had all the earmarks of a hit.

In the early days of the homicide investigation, detectives were stumped. Pizzolo's wife didn't want to say much, and referred cops to her lawyer. The dead man's 73-year-old mother only made

cryptic comments about him. "He wanted the fast life. He wanted the easy money," she told a reporter.

"We're not getting anything from anybody," said a frustrated detective.

Yet a break in the case wasn't long in coming. A month later, on January 3, 2005, two men sat down in an area of the federal jail in lower Manhattan. One of them, an obese older man in his sixties with penetrating eyes, was Joseph Massino, the boss of the Bonanno crime family. Massino, known as "the Last Godfather," had been convicted recently on racketeering charges and was awaiting another trial for murder. The man who had, in the course of a decade, revived the once-flagging Mafia family wound up seeing himself and his loyal minions besieged by federal prosecutors.

The other man was a handsome, well-coiffed 45-year-old gangster named Vincent Basciano, a dyed-in-the-wool mobster who relished the life and adored his boss. With his alert, wide eyes, Basciano was a man who could light up a room with his charisma and bearing.

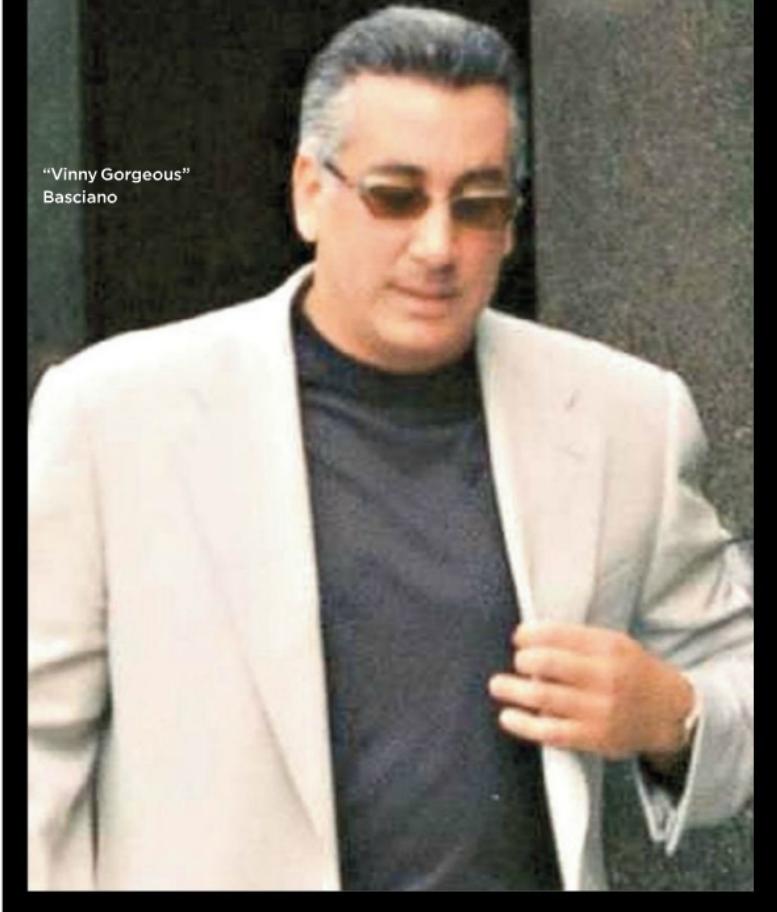
Massino had been locked up since January 2003 and was running the crime family and keeping tabs on business through intermediaries. He had appointed Basciano to be his acting street boss just a year earlier. A successful businessman with real-estate holdings and a construction company, Basciano was known as "Vinny Gorgeous," not only for his fastidious appearance, but in part because one of his businesses was a Bronx tanning and hair salon known as "Hello Gorgeous," a rip-off of the line from the 1968 Barbra Streisand movie *Funny Girl*. Basciano had been arrested in November 2004 on federal charges, so—conveniently for the FBI—he ended up in jail with Massino.

After some small talk about their girlfriends and the drudgery of living in the federal lockup, Massino asked about the Pizzolo killing. Massino had heard about the murder and wasn't pleased that some other mob associate was bragging he had killed Pizzolo. Massino also had heard that Basciano ordered the slaying without seeking Massino's permission.

"Did it warrant the clip?" Massino asked Basciano, referring to the Pizzolo shooting.

Basciano related that Pizzolo had

"Vinny Gorgeous"
Basciano



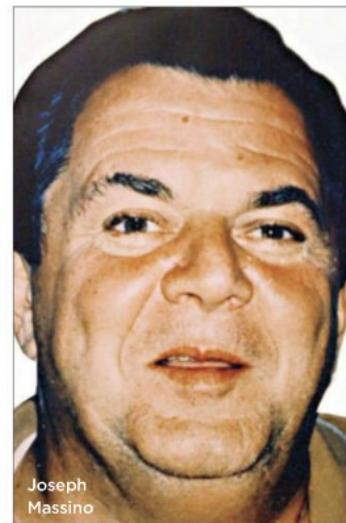
been a drunk and a troublemaker, shooting up bars and restaurants. However, Massino thought the killing was excessive and said so.

"Why didn't you just chase him?" said Massino, referring to the mob practice of banishing troublesome associates from the area.

"You want to know why?" a testy Basciano responded. "Because he's a fuckin' dangerous kid that don't fuckin' listen. He talks stupid. He talks like a fuckin' jerk-off."

While Basciano's remark about Pizzolo wasn't an outright admission that he took part in the murder, it was enough to convince Massino—and the FBI—that his acting boss had approved the slaying. For, unknown to Basciano the acolyte, Massino had made an astonishing betrayal of his mob loyalties and agreed with federal investigators to wear a recording device in jail to catch Basciano in incriminating statements. From the moment Massino was convicted in July 2004, he had decided to cooperate in some fashion with the FBI, in his own struggle to avoid a pending federal death penalty for an earlier mob homicide.

Massino's betrayal of the mob is one of the seismic events in the history of La Cosa Nostra, as Italian organized crime is officially known in the United States. Never before had a



Joseph
Massino

major boss, an official leader of one of New York's five families, cooperated so extensively with prosecutors. In doing so, Massino threw one of his most ardent loyalists, Basciano, to the wolves by helping Brooklyn federal investigators in their quest to get him executed for the Pizzolo slaying. The irony was that, by turning into an informant, Massino escaped the death penalty; Basciano then



A crime-scene photo
from Randolph
Pizzolo's murder

Massino had decided to cooperate with the FBI, in his own struggle to avoid a pending death penalty for a mob homicide.

found himself at risk of becoming the first New York mobster since Louis Lepke in 1944 to be executed.

The resulting trial in mid-2011—and Massino's appearance as the star witness—showed just how misplaced Basciano's loyalty had been and how barren the mob life he cherished had become. With turncoats ranging from Massino to Basciano's close friend Dominick Cicale testifying for the government, the trial proved the decline of the American Mafia and the disappearance of loyalty in the mob life. It was a case that was as bizarre as it was grim, with evidence surfacing of Basciano's fixation with Santeria and voodoo mixed in with his alleged plots to reach out from jail to kill those who supposedly tormented him.

Until his arrest on November 19, 2004, Vincent Basciano had led a relatively charmed life in the mob. Born to a working-class family, he became

an associate of the Bonanno crime family at the age of 20 or so when he worked as a driver for captain Dominick "Big Trinny" Trinchera, a 300-pound gangster who the FBI firmly believed was a major heroin trafficker with ties to the Rizzuto clan in Montreal. A photograph from the 1980 Hotel Pierre wedding reception in Manhattan of Italian mobster Giuseppe Bono shows a grinning, boyish Basciano, in an open-necked shirt, standing behind Trinchera. Basciano seems in his element. The kid from a modest family had found a home among the wise guys who seemed to be on top of the world. It was a life that gave him a sense of purpose.

"I am a hoodlum through and through," Basciano would later say.

The wedding photo was a crucial piece of intelligence for the FBI, since it showed the close ties between Canadian Mafia drug traffickers and the Bonanno clan. It also served as a sort of Bonanno-family team photo, resurfacing over the years during mob investigations and after Trinchera and

two other family captains in the photo were slain in a power struggle largely engineered by Massino in May 1981.

Although he wasn't a made member of the mob in the 1980s, Basciano clearly adored the lifestyle. Investigators said he became an associate of the New York Purple Gang, which was based in the old East Harlem enclave of Italian-Americans in Manhattan. Taking its name from the old Detroit mob of the Prohibition era, the Manhattan Purple Gang became a finishing school for the Mafia families.

By the mid-1980s, Basciano not only became part of the Bonanno-family gambling empire, but was showing up on police radar as somebody who seemed capable of brutality. When a Bronx gambler named David Nunez was wounded in 1985, police suspected Basciano played a role as a way of eliminating a rival of the family's numbers operation. Basciano was arrested for the attempted murder, but, with scant evidence against him, he was able to plea-bargain the case down to a weapons-possession charge.

Still, rumors persisted that Basciano was involved in more blood-

shed. When Anthony Colangelo, Basciano's partner in an East Harlem video store, was killed in 1987, cops eventually suspected that Vinny Gorgeous played a role. Then there was an arson fire at a Crotona Avenue building that police traced back to Basciano. But Basciano wasn't arrested for either crime.

By 1990, according to an FBI informant, Basciano was being shepherded around the Bonanno-family social club on Grand Avenue in Queens, located next to a public library. He had already married Angela Tocco, a lithe and pretty Italian girl from the Throgs Neck section of the Bronx, and the couple was on their way to having four boys. Basciano, Angela, and the children had moved to the desirable Westchester community of Scarsdale. Not a bad career trajectory for someone who started out with minimal prospects.

But in 1991, Basciano's comfortable existence was put in serious jeopardy when federal prosecutors rounded up him and 29 others for being part of a large-scale heroin-trafficking ring. The case became known as "Blue Thunder," for the street name of the packaged narcotic. It wasn't strictly a Mafia bust. There were Hispanic defendants, along with the Italians, some Irish, and a few Jews. The alleged ringleader was Eric Millan-Colon, who authorities said oversaw an operation that took in \$20 million a month and invested it in used-car businesses, real estate, and merchandising rights to sell clothing and toys.

Basciano was denied bail, and for months his lawyers negotiated with prosecutors, who finally consented to release him on bond. Basciano was effectively under house arrest, but could work for eight hours a day at the Hello Gorgeous salon on East Tremont Avenue, provided he returned home at night to Scarsdale.

The Blue Thunder case turned into a headache for prosecutors when it was revealed that some of the police officers working on the investigation were indicted in 1993 on charges that they sold about four ounces of heroin to an informant for around \$25,000. Then prosecutors disclosed that between \$50,000 and \$80,000 in cash seized in the investigation was missing. The judge declared a mistrial.

But what appeared to be the big



Basciano's mug shot
from a 2006 trial

break for Basciano was the surfacing of a tape recording of a conversation by one of his codefendants, Alfred Bottone Sr., who stated the hair-salon owner was only involved in gambling—not drugs. That was apparently enough to allow the federal jury in May 1994 to acquit Basciano.

After walking away clean from the heroin case, Basciano became more solidly entrenched with the Bonanno family. Informants indicated to the FBI that by the time Basciano was indicted in the Blue Thunder case, he was already a full-fledged member of the family.

If Basciano had one weakness, it was gambling. According to FBI informants, Basciano traveled to Las Vegas frequently and borrowed a lot of money from mob loan sharks. According to government records, Massino gave Basciano \$75,000 at one point—a loan that accrued \$750 to \$1,000 a week in interest—and another mobster loaned him \$15,000.

But even as he lost at gambling, Basciano's stature in the crime family increased. By 2001, investigators said, he was promoted by Massino to captain with his own crew of soldiers, including Michael Mancuso and Bruno

Indelicato, son of the late "Sonny Red" Indelicato, one of the three crime captains slain in 1981.

Making money both legitimately and from his rackets, as well as being feared for his volatility, Basciano was a rising star. So when Massino was arrested the day before his own birthday in early 2003, the crime boss soon tapped the ambitious Basciano to take care of business as the acting boss on the street. It was an assignment the Bronx mobster relished like a kid in a candy store.

"I won't let him down," a gleeful Basciano said about his promotion, according to one old associate.

It was shortly after noon on April 12, 2011, that Joseph Massino, looking bigger and grayer than anyone remembered, lumbered into the courtroom of Judge Nicholas Garaufis in Brooklyn federal court. It was a moment the worlds of law enforcement and the mob had awaited for six years. In that time, sequestered in a special federal-

“I got 100 percent faith in him,” said Basciano. “That’s where my allegiance is always gonna be.... I’m living and dying with one guy.”

witness security prison with other Mafia turncoats, Massino had undergone extensive debriefing by the FBI. The crime boss had spilled lots of secrets, and in the process helped prosecutors—with the aid of the secretly recorded jailhouse tapes—build a case against Basciano for not only the murder of Randolph Pizzolo, but other alleged crimes.

Considering what he had gone through, Basciano seemed to be none the worse for wear. In the more than five years since he had those taped jail talks with Massino, Basciano had been kept in solitary confinement and been convicted on a series of federal racketeering charges. He had been denied virtually all access to his family—save for visits with Angela, who by that time had divorced him after it became known that he’d had a child with another woman. The solitary conditions stemmed from allegations that Basciano had concocted a “hit list” in jail that included Judge Garaufis. The list seemed very suspicious to some lawyers, particularly after Basciano said it was nothing more than a bunch of names for a Santeria spell—Basciano being superstitious.

In court, Basciano looked like a suave businessman, dressed in a suit and tie, his hair immaculately combed. He had three lawyers—lead defense counsel George Goltzer, death-penalty counsel Richard Jasper, and cocounsel Ying Stafford, who had been with Basciano in his earlier trials.

As the government’s star witness, Massino was impressive. He had a steel-trap memory, recalling his own 40-year life of crime, which began when he started stealing homing pigeons as a teenager, and the cold-blooded way he killed to rise to the top of the mob. Under questioning by Assistant U.S. Attorney Taryn Merkel, Massino showed only one bit of regret about his many murders when he recounted the slaying he had ordered of one old gangster. “I felt bad, but he

had to go,” said Massino.

Asked by Merkel about what Basciano had said in jail about Pizzolo, Massino got right to the point. “He told me that he killed him,” he said.

Chewing gum and passing notes to his attorney, Basciano didn’t flinch at Massino’s words and seemed nonplussed. But the tapes proved to be very damaging. There was just no getting around the implications of Basciano’s words under Massino’s crafty questioning as he led his loyal captain down the proverbial garden path. It was a carefully laid trap by Massino, who told Basciano that the word on the street was that he, Massino, had ordered Pizzolo’s death.

“I’m not sure exactly what happened there, but I gave the order,” answered Basciano on the recording.

The jailhouse conversation lasted more than half an hour, and those snippets were very incriminating. The defense tried to show that Basciano was lying to Massino and was simply trying to show he had control of the mob on the street when he indicated he approved the Pizzolo murder. But that seemed like a tortured explanation in light of Basciano’s admission on tape. Coupled with the testimony of Basciano’s old crony Dominick Cicale, who also testified that it was Basciano’s idea to get rid of Pizzolo, the results were predictable. On May 16, 2011, the jury convicted Basciano of the Pizzolo murder and other crimes. The stage was then set for the death-penalty phase of the trial.

Massino was again the star witness for the prosecution as the government tried to show that Basciano deserved to be executed. But while Massino was overall a good witness, he had too much baggage. Aside from nearly a dozen murders in which he admitted playing a role, Massino explained that his plea deal with the government allowed his wife to keep hundreds of thousands of dollars in assets. He also blurted out—to the joy of the defense—that he had failed two FBI lie-detector tests.

Seeing how killers like Massino, Cicale, and others were not facing the death penalty, the jury rejected capital

punishment for Basciano. The jurors just didn’t like the moral implications, and indicated so on the verdict sheet, rejecting the death penalty after just two hours of deliberation.

Yet, in sentencing Basciano a few weeks later to life in prison, Judge Garaufis underscored how the well-groomed Bronx gangster—while escaping a needle in the arm—had ruined his life. “Basciano is intelligent and has many other qualities that would have permitted him to live a productive and law-abiding life,” said Garaufis. “Yet, he did not choose such a life. He chose a life of crime, violence, and greed.... However La Cosa Nostra may be portrayed on the popular screen, Basciano stands here today, proof of its reality—a crumbling facade, beneath which lies a bleak, pathetic, and ignorant life.”

Garaufis said it was time for the mob members to give up the “life” and do something worthwhile, although he held no illusions that this would happen. All the judge had to remember was how enticing, hypnotic, and powerful such a life had been, something Basciano had related in an earlier taped conversation with another Bonanno mobster who also was cooperating with the FBI. It was December 2003 in a Long Island diner, and Basciano was having coffee and French toast with two mobsters, including James Tartaglione, who was secretly recording the conversation. Basciano started talking about his loyalty to Massino and how committed he was to the gangster life and his boss. “I got 100 percent faith in him,” said Basciano. “If I’m your fucking guy, if I’m gonna walk on hot coals, if I gotta fucking jump in the ocean, let me do it for one guy.... That’s where my allegiance is always gonna be, for one fucking guy. That’s it. I’m living and dying with one guy.”

Ironically, it was because of Massino that Basciano will live out the rest of his life in a prison cell at the “Supermax” facility, the high-security federal penitentiary in Florence, Colorado. By the latest reports, Basciano is actually enjoying life there. He has even gained some weight. His hair is well-groomed, and there is still a touch of a tan. Basciano is appealing his conviction; that at least gives him a shred of hope. O+■

BRANDI CARLILE'S POETIC LYRICS AND THAT YODEL PUT HER IN A CLASS BY HERSELF. NOW SHE'S HEADED FOR THE MAIN STAGE.

BY ALANNA NASH

When you hear Brandi Carlile speak, it's impossible to mistake the literate singer-songwriter for anyone else. The smoky alto from such indie-rock classics as "The Story" and "Dreams" wafts through the air so musically that it wouldn't be surprising if she suddenly launched into her trademark yodel.

At 31, Carlile has sold more than 800,000 albums, though her newest and fourth studio CD, *Bear Creek*—named after the Washington State studio it was recorded in, a converted early-twentieth-century barn—should push that number far higher. More subtle, perhaps, than her previous efforts, *Bear Creek* marks Carlile's producing debut, though she shares credit with engineer Trina Shoemaker and Tim and Phil Hanseroth, her writing and performing partners, whom she calls simply "the Twins."

"That Wasn't Me," the first single from the new album, addresses the subject of addiction and recovery, and beautifully marries Carlile's dual passions: melodic poetry and social awareness. In conversation, Carlile comes across as authentically as her music, and she's just as beguiling.

Was it scary producing an album yourself after working with T Bone Burnett and Rick Rubin?

It was pretty liberating, actually. I couldn't have done it without the knowledge that I attained working with T Bone and Rick, but it's exciting when you get into the studio and want to try something and realize there are no grown-ups there. You have such reverence when you're working with people of that caliber that there are things you won't try. You won't go for that weird vocal, or try to play a new instrument, or voice your opinion about a certain idea. When I was working with those guys, I remember leaving at the end of the day going, *Ah, I wish I just would have spoken up*

about that. But that didn't happen on *Bear Creek*. It was sort of like when your parents went away, and you were home alone for the weekend.

You worked with Frank Liddell and Jay Joyce on three tracks. Did you go to Nashville for that?

I did. The record was done, and it was mixed, and I was really pleased with it. But then I turned 30. And that was a traumatic experience. I had that 30-year flip out. It was distasteful to me for so many reasons, the ultimate being that I felt that I was a cliché.

Why?

Just because I didn't see it coming. I was pretty pleased with the trajectory

of my life and career, and didn't think I was going to have a moment where I suddenly felt confined by something.

How so?

Well, I think a lot of times when people turn 30, they feel that they're over-nurturing one part of their life, and under-nurturing another. Maybe someone who has a family wishes they had pursued a career avenue. And someone who's pursued a high-powered career realizes they should have spent more time cultivating familial connections. And when I turned 30, I felt like I'd been on the road for too long, and in too difficult a way. I'd spent a lot of time cultivating my road persona, this life based around mobility. And I'd come home and have a difficult time talking to my mom and dad. I'm really close with my family. My little sister is married to one of the Twins, and they had a baby. My brother has two kids and one on the way. So there's big family stuff. And I realized I needed to make a lot of profound changes in the way that I interact with them, and in the life I'd been away from for a decade.

Did you do it?

[Laughs] Yeah, I did it in a big, big way! I started by making the old visit to the therapist who's pulled me through some rough times in the past ten years. And I took myself out on my first solo [acoustic] tour. I didn't do that to get away from the Twins, because those guys are soul mates for me. We'll always play together. But I did need to get out and do some things totally alone.

LOOKING OUT



How was that for you?

It was fucking terrifying! I'm serious. The very first show, I walked out to a packed audience, stood at the microphone, started stomping my foot and playing the intro to the first song, and the microphone stand came down. I had to stop the music to lift it, because there was no band to keep going. It was so symbolic of where I was.

What else did you change?

Well, I ended a nine-year relationship and found myself in a new one.

And we hear this metamorphosis on the record, right?

Yes. I thought, *I can't put out a record and not include this experience*. So I wrote these two songs ["Raise Hell" and "Keep Your Heart Young"], and that's why I went to Nashville. I worked with Frank Liddell and Jay Joyce because I love the work that they do, particularly with Miranda [Lambert]. They have a penchant for that tongue-in-cheek, fuck-you kind of country and western music, which I also do.

You sang at Miranda's wedding to Blake Shelton.

Yeah. I sang her parents down the aisle. I really enjoy her family. They were all tears, man, all those folks. They can really cry [*laughs*]. But I was pretty emotionally caught up, too. Blake and Miranda are a great couple, and really nice people. They've made an impact on my life. So it felt appropriate to sing at their wedding.

It's ironic that the countriest song on Miranda's album *Four the Record* is a cover of your "Same Old You." She told me she met you at Lilith Fair.

Actually, we met when we ended up doing a gig in the same town together. She, of course, was in the arena, and I was in the little shit-kicker bar across the street. I walked over during the day when she was doing sound check and met her, and then after her gig, she came to my show. We ended up in the dressing room until three in the morning, drinking Bud Light, which is not something I make a habit of doing. But we had some pretty profound things in common, and we just kept talking. Then on Lilith Fair, we both felt a little odd-man-out-ish. She had this Airstream trailer, and a barbecue, and we spent a great deal of time becoming close friends. At one point, everybody at Lilith Fair was supposed to sign an item out in the parking lot.

But I forgot about it, so I missed getting security. But I still had to do it, so Miranda acted as my security. I thought that was pretty hilarious.

Why did you feel like an odd man out at Lilith Fair?

Oh, I just feel like that anywhere. And a lot of those women knew each other from before. Plus, so many of them are my heroes, so I was looking for an Airstream to get away to and not say anything stupid.

Well, you must have felt out of place when you played the Grand Ole Opry.

[*Laughs*] Definitely. That was a pivotal moment in my life, because the Grand Ole Opry, Nashville, and the Ryman Auditorium have been the subjects of discussions in our family since I was a little kid. So getting asked to play on the Opry was a bigger deal than I can really explain.

Your mom, Teresa Carlile, was a country singer, right?

Yeah. She performed all over the Seattle area with bands. She got my brother and me into music. When I played the Opry, my whole family came, because that really is Mecca. I sang "Raise Hell," "The Story," and "Keep Your Heart Young," and I felt like I had a really nice performance. I was really proud of myself. And I got to meet Little Jimmy Dickens.

The Opry audience probably thought those were Janis Joplin-style vocals on "The Story."

They liked it! They really liked it! And I did it full tilt. Electric guitars. All that shit. Wanda Jackson sang just before me, and actually she kicked my ass in the rock-edge territory.

It takes guts to follow the 74-year-old Christian rockabilly queen.

Yeah, it was a moment. And she smacked me on the ass right before I went onstage, too. And called me "Skinny," so it wasn't exactly a calm way to start the show.

Did your mother teach you to yodel?

Nope, she didn't know how. But I kind of figured it out from the time I was 12. I started to learn when LeAnn Rimes came out with "Blue." My grandfather could yodel, so I told myself that I must have some genetic capability that most people don't have. You have to sing really loud to learn how to yodel, so you have to wait till everybody leaves. It's difficult to do.



It's cool the way you work it into your sound, which is an amalgamation of styles, really. It's hard to label. Americana doesn't quite get it, and it's not really folk, country, blues, or rock.

I don't even know what it is. It's funny, because I was doing yard work yesterday, and humming around the yard. My girlfriend said, "Every once in a while, I just hear this yodel from across the property. How do you yodel when you hum?" I said, "I don't know. I don't even know I'm doing it."

You came out in 2010, right?

I guess you could say that, but I felt like I came out when I was 14. Part of the epiphany I had when I was 30 was that I just had my head down working for so long that I didn't notice that I wasn't out in the press. I was being gender specific, and talking about relationships, and being frank about my political beliefs, and just didn't realize that there was some formal thing you have to go through to say that you're out.

Did anybody bring this up in Nashville? It's a much more accepting town than it used to be.

Nobody says shit to me about it [*laughs*]. I found the folks at the Grand Ole Opry, Miranda, all the people around her, all the press, my record label, my fans, and other people's fans to be profoundly accepting. Which to me is a really good sign, because the people are coming around. And when

"IT'S EXCITING WHEN YOU GET INTO THE STUDIO AND REALIZE THERE ARE NO GROWN-UPS THERE. IT WAS SORT OF LIKE WHEN YOUR PARENTS WENT AWAY."

the people come around, eventually the powers that be come around in the way that [makes] the wheels actually turn. It just happens a little bit later. We're seeing the beginning of a big shift. But I don't feel like all the stones are turned over, because they're not. The denial of gay marriage is still the most popular civil-rights violation in this country.

Talk to me a bit about your Looking Out Foundation. What is its purpose?

The foundation, which I started with Tim and Phil Hanseroth, is now a public charity, so we can do more things with it. I seeded it with an environmental effort, when I did the [2008] GM commercial. I didn't want to do a commercial for gas-guzzling cars, so GM let me make it about environmentally sustainable cars, in honor of the Olympics that year. Because the message meant so much to me, I donated the money to grassroots environmental organizations. And to do that, I had to start a foundation. But it's since become a much broader humanitarian effort.

And your Fight the Fear Campaign is part of that?

Yes. That was our first real big campaign, with the participation of the Seattle Police Department, a women-owned-and-run defense organization, and the survivor of a horrendous crime in Seattle in 2009.

This is the case in which two women were attacked in their home, and one was killed trying to save her partner?

That's right. Teresa Butz and Jennifer Hopper. We went around to homeless shelters, battered-women's shelters, and youth shelters in underserved communities and taught women self-defense courses. We also taught self-defense to vision- and hearing-impaired women, the LGBTQ community, and just anyone who needed to tap into their self-esteem in a physical way. Both men and women.

You're so in tune with adult social issues, yet there's a theme in your

work about not wanting to grow up. We see that on the new album, too. Yes. I think everyone should strive to get away from the concept of growing up, settling down, and getting serious. Keeping in touch with your inner child, as cliché as that sounds, is really key.

Do you do that in other ways, like keeping a favorite teddy bear from childhood?

I was thinking about this yesterday. I've got nieces and nephews, so I make all these excuses to do things to my house and property that are childlike—get a trampoline and put Christmas lights all over it, put tiki torches around, and make little campfire pits and tree houses. If we all admitted it long enough, we'd all want to go catch frogs and walk around and be innocent.

What kind of kid were you?

Picture a really dirty kid, really bruised, with really messy hair. And a really loud singer, but a quiet talker.

When did you realize you wanted to be a musician?

I was seven or eight years old when I started playing music, and it became the focal point of my life. So I don't ever remember a time when I made that decision. I would have had to make a decision *not* to play music.

Did you always like your voice?

[Laughs] Yeah.

Why did you laugh?

Because everybody is supposed to say they don't like their voice. But I've always liked listening to it, and seeing myself onstage.

Were you always confident?

I don't know about confident. I get nervous a lot, and I have major anxiety before shows, but never because I don't think I can do it. It's because I'm afraid of what will happen.

What's the worst that can happen?

I fall over. Forget to zip up my pants. The same shit everybody worries

about. Most people experience that big moment when everything is focused on them maybe four or five times in their life: a wedding, a really big birthday party, a baptism, things like that. But those big moments are routine for performers. So that constant adrenaline has a physical effect. It gets mixed up sometimes in the form of anxiety.

As someone who's written four books about Elvis Presley, I have to ask you about singing backup for an Elvis tribute act very early in your career.

Well, Elvis Presley had a huge impact on me. I know every Elvis song ever written. I know all the background vocals, for sure. His background vocals taught me how to sing harmony. And I'd be lying if I said I hadn't absorbed some of those moves, standing behind someone trying to impersonate the King every night.

But you don't sing an Elvis song these days, do you?

Not so much. For a while, I didn't even listen to it, because I'd had a pretty healthy dose of Elvis, you know? During my early twenties, I tried to stay away from certain things, including Elvis and tequila. I always say that the main irony about Elvis is that he went into the South and talked to people about rock 'n' roll and sex, and he went into Vegas and talked to them about God. I just got back from doing a Johnny Cash tribute, and I found myself saying that Johnny did the same thing. Those are my favorite things about both of those men.

What can we look forward to from you?

We're trying to marry some ideas that we have for the road with our foundation right now, and that will be thematic over the next year with some campaigns that we want to do. That's the beauty of having it as a public charity now.

You've done a lot for being 31 years old. What kind of old lady do you think you'll be?

I hope I'll be a grumpy old woman who just sits around and tells stories and doesn't notice that people aren't listening. Those are the kind I love.

When this is all over and done, what do you hope to have accomplished?

I hope to have made myself a blessing in other people's lives. 



memphis belle

In May, we introduced you to the lovely Samantha Saint, an up-and-coming adult star. Now we're delighted to welcome back this luscious Southern belle as our Pet of the Month. We're sure you're all happy to see her grace these pages again as well.

Photographs by Jose Cardenas







"I'm a Gemini, which absolutely suits me! I definitely have two sides to me: one, the naughty, dirty girl, and two, the nice, sweet girl you could take home to your mother."





“If I could have sex with anyone, past or present, it would be Jenna Jameson. She’s the queen of porn!”









"The most daring thing I've ever done is train for a 10K race. I'd never run that far and I was afraid I wouldn't be able to finish, but I pushed myself and finished in an hour and 15 minutes. I was so proud of myself."



THE BIG RIP



PHOTO: SAMANTHA SAINT
OCTOBER 2012 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



"If I had to choose between losing my right arm or the ability to orgasm, I'd 100 percent lose my arm. I'll become a lefty if it means I can still come!"



THE BIG RIP

PHOTOGRAPH BY SAMANTHA SAINT
OCTOBER 2012 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



THE BIG RIP

PHOTO BY SAMANTHA SAINT
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OH SAMANTHA SAINT
OCTOBER 2012 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

Vital stats:
25 years old
5'2.5" to 5'3"
Hometown:
Memphis, Tennessee
Favorite thing about your hometown:
Southern charm and hospitality—and amazing barbecue and comfort food.
Favorite vacation spot:
Mexico: Cabo San Lucas and Playa del Carmen have gorgeous beaches and great deep-sea fishing.
Dream vacation:
Thailand is at the top of my list. I want to see the temples, try all the food, and take in the picture-perfect beaches.
Favorite food:
Sushi.
Favorite drink:
Water, red wine.
Favorite TV show:
Game of Thrones, Family Guy, Real Housewives of Orange County.
Favorite movie:
The Notebook, Clueless, Super Troopers.
Favorite kind of music:
Hip-hop, R&B, dance.
What do you like in yourself?
I love that I love to cook, and that I'm good at it.
What do you like in others?
I like people with open minds.
What gets you excited?
Planning a trip to a place I've never been.
What gets you in trouble?
Tossing always gets me in trouble! It definitely makes my clothes fall off.

SEE MORE OF SAMANTHA AT PENTHOUSE.COM



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OCTOBER 2012 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



Portrait of an Artist

Justin Bua is the face of arguably the most socially relevant modern-art movement of the late twentieth century, and urban art has no greater ambassador.

By Steve Javors



Justin Bua is the creator of an art style dubbed urban realism, and his work, as well as that of his many imitators, has swept across the world, from the walls of dorm rooms to those of high-end art galleries. Bua's multidimensional creations have helped elevate hip-hop and street culture to a respected place in the artistic pantheon. His paintbrush might as well have been connected to the pulse of New York City during the rise of hip-hop, as it birthed a cultural revolution that literally changed the world.

Bua's work has become immediately recognizable and iconic. His signature artistic style of urban realism has a musical sense of movement to it, no doubt influenced by his b-boy days. While his portraits celebrate the strengths of his subjects, if you dig a little deeper, they also reveal genuine emotion and truth.

In his second and latest book, *The Legends of Hip Hop* (Harper Design), Bua has catapulted hip-hop into the fine-art world. The series of 50 portraits

depicting hip-hop icons with style and focus is not intended to be an authoritative list, but rather a personal one, near and very dear to the artist's heart.

"I think all the portraits in the book say something different because of my emotional connection to each one of them," Bua says of the four-year-long project. "I have a different relationship with the subject matter than any artist out there today. Shepard Fairey, Banksy—no one came from where I'm from, the mecca of hip-hop. I'm seeing it from the inside out."

Much like the masters painted the aristocracy of their time—popes, queens, kings—Bua wanted to document the royalty of his time: hip-hop royalty in the form of break-dancers, emcees, deejays, graffiti artists—four fingers of the same hand. "Without Afrika Bambaataa, there's no Jay-Z," Bua asserts. "Without Kool Herc, there's no Lil Wayne. Without Melle Mel, there's no Eminem. Without James Brown, there's no hip-hop! I thought this book was important not only for hip-hop history, but for art history and American history."

In order to fully appreciate Bua's visual landscape, you have to go back to his childhood as a latchkey kid of a single mom on Manhattan's Upper West Side in the seventies and eighties, the era of urban blight, racially motivated subway shooter Bernhard Goetz, "Ford to City: Drop Dead" headlines, budget shortfalls, racial tension, and rising crime. "New York was a jungle back then," Bua says. "The city was a rough place to grow up, but it helped you mature and learn about life quickly. The school of hard knocks, right? The streets were

dangerous, but there was this life, this vitality, that subconsciously I was exposed to that I'm still trying to capture in my paintings. It was a unique period in the city's history, and I was right in the middle of the action."

It also was a period of tremendous creativity, thanks to a scene that emerged from the Bronx and Kool Herc's block parties in the 1970s. The hip-hop movement was birthed out of the political climate of the times, and captured the energy and rhythms of street life. Bua, 43, witnessed the birth of hip-hop, and hip-hop subsequently birthed his artistic journey in lockstep. Art was an escape for Bua, even in his own home, where his mother, a painter herself, had a succession of boyfriends whom Justin didn't get along with. While at Fiorello H. LaGuardia High School of Music & Art and Performing Arts, Bua began to tap his creative vein as a break-dancer, often popping and locking in the cafeteria to the raps of Richard Walters, aka Slick Rick, one of his classmates.

Finding refuge a couple of blocks away from home at Rock Steady Park, home of the legendary Rock Steady Crew, Bua immersed himself in break dancing and hip-hop, which he parlayed to success as a member of the Magnificent Four, Dynamic Breakers, and New York Express crews. During his eight years as a professional dancer, Bua opened for such diverse performers as James Brown and Rudolf Nureyev.

"I was there before hip-hop was called hip-hop," Bua says. "When I saw Ken Swift, Mr. Wiggles, and Crazy Legs dance, I didn't know what it was, but I knew I had to be a part of it. Whatever was going on in the streets, there was something creative that those dancers were articulating that spoke about what was happening all around us. The poetry of the social climate was being harnessed into the dancers' movements."

After high school, Bua's artistic journey took him to Hampshire College in Amherst, Massachusetts, where he felt out of place among other students, many of whom came from wealthy backgrounds. But it was at Hampshire, and at the prestigious Art Center College of Design in Pasadena, California, which he transferred to, that Bua schooled himself on the masters and received his formal training. That background allowed Bua to become a professor himself; he taught figure drawing at USC for a number of years.

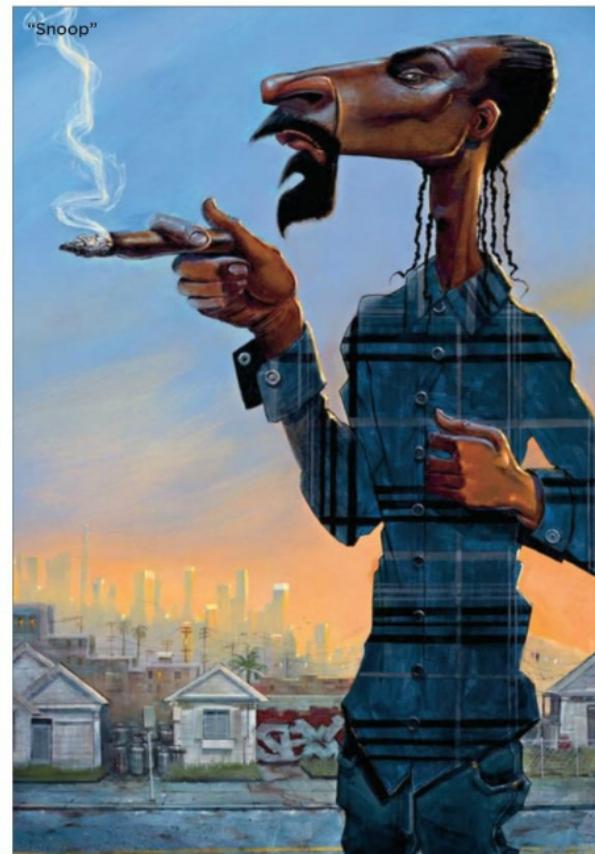
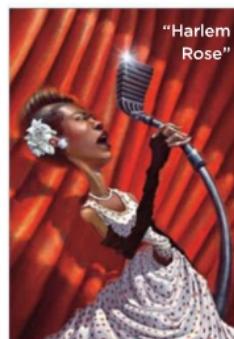
"I was never taught style; that was something I just had naturally," he says. "But I needed the fundamentals to articulate my style in an eloquent way. It was one of those situations where I needed to let my style go, learn to draw, and come back to it later. And that's what happened."

Starting in the world of commercial art after college, Bua designed and illustrated a variety of projects, from skateboards and CD covers to advertising campaigns. He developed the look and feel of the opening sequence for MTV's *The Lyricist Lounge Show*, EA Sports videogames *NBA Street* and *NFL Street*, and the world of Slum Village's award-winning music video "Tainted," among others. He also contributed original art to *On the Shoulders of Giants*, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar's

documentary on the Harlem Rens basketball team. Bua designed a namesake line of apparel and a limited-edition shoe line with PF Flyers that sold out completely. His diverse creativity and contemporary aesthetic has earned him a number of bold-faced celebrity fans: Bill Clinton, Robert De Niro, Leonardo DiCaprio, Eva Longoria, Tony Parker, Chris Paul, Cornel West, and Christina Ricci are among his admirers.

Bua's most well-known work, and breakthrough commercial success, is a fine-art poster, "The DJ," which depicts a turn-tablist scratching a record on the wheels of steel amid stacks of vinyl LPs. The print became a huge seller among college students, who plastered the image in dorm rooms, and it went on to become one of the best-selling posters of all time. If you want to own a Bua original, be prepared to write a hefty check for at least a few thousand dollars, with some paintings going for a few hundred thousand dollars.

In the art world, Bua occupies his own space. He's not a graffiti or street artist, and he's not a "classical" artist, even though he paints on canvas. His work defies any box the art cognoscenti typically want to put artists in. "I don't really give a shit about the art world anymore," he states defiantly. "I used to care, but I've been shut out by them, so fuck it. I don't play by their rules. The people love me. I know this: I might not be in the Brooklyn Museum, but if you look across the street into all those high-rise apartments, I'm in there. And that's the only validation I need." *OH*



Sam Phillips

Catch up with June 1993
 Pet Sam Phillips, whose sex tips
 prove this Pet is man's best friend.



A

At 46, I've been compared to cheese and wine, not to mention been accused of both finding the fountain of youth and making a deal with you-know-who. Older guys want to marry me, young guys want to bang me, and most nights I sleep alone, albeit cuddling with my cat.

Let me introduce myself and give you the short version of my story: For many years, I was famous for not wearing clothes. In fact, if you're old enough, you may recognize me from these very pages; I graced them as a Penthouse Pet with a centerfold and magazine cover in June 1993, and was featured in *Penthouse* magazines in 14 countries. Now, almost two decades later, I'm known for what I say rather than what I look like naked. I've become a radio and television host and executive producer with my own 26-episode series on MavTV called *The Single Life With Sam Phillips*, a behind-the-scenes look at my radio show of the same name. The topics are sex, dating, and relationships—my areas of expertise. But we'll get to that in a minute. Currently, I'm a partner in an internet radio station, Hot Talk L.A., where I house the uncensored podcast of my TV show. During 14 years in broadcasting, I've hosted and

produced 26 different programs on everything from bankruptcy to loan modifications, from hair restoration to Lasik eye surgery.

I graduated valedictorian from the school of hard knocks. I was on the streets of Brooklyn as a teen and dropped out of high school in tenth grade. I quickly fell into modeling; one highlight was landing the Jordache jeans campaign for the company's sponsorship of the 1984 Olympics in Los Angeles, where my billboards were outside every event entrance during the Games. My editorial and beauty layouts graced the pages of top fashion magazines internationally. I was also on covers of catalogs; on hangtags for clothes and packaging for stockings; in ads for designers, department stores, hair-care products, nail polish, and more. I walked runways around the world and had several commercials under my belt by the age of 18.

After traveling the globe (London, Paris, Italy, Japan) throughout my





teens, in my twenties I settled in Los Angeles to become an actress. After starring in the horror film *Phantasm II*, I got a boob job and did a slew of B movies, which led to my pictorial with *Penthouse* and my own late-night cable series on Showtime Networks called *Hot Springs Hotel*. I was a reporter for *Sexcetera* on the Playboy Channel, I produced and cast the *Busty Cops* franchise, I cohosted the nationally syndicated daytime talk show *Men Are From Mars, Women Are From Venus* with Dr. Drew Pinsky and other notables, and I hosted *Xtreme Fakeovers* on the PAX network. That's right, even the Christians hired me. My past nudie sins were absolved!

I'm known for saying outrageous things on air: I've banged more than 500 guys. I love putting out on the first date. One should sleep with as many people as possible before settling down. That's advice I both live by and dispense to others.

I like to compare the opposite sex to a buffet. I envision all these different platters laid out, and I'm walking around them holding a plate. You need to sample every dish so you know what you like: which ones you want seconds of; what's going to be your main course, your appetizer, your dessert. Until you fuck a variety of people, you can't know the type that will make you happiest. And if you don't experiment when you're young and get it out of your system, you'll do it when you're older. Hence the term "midlife crisis." That's why I encourage all my male listeners to explore their own "inner whores" before they end up screwing up a future relationship by hiring one on the side.

I've become quite the sexpert, if I may say so, and I only do because that's what others have said—on Howard Stern's radio show! If you want to be able to tell your crew, "She gives the best blowjob I've



ever gotten," then please share the following pointers with your girl:

First, the key to deep-throating is the breathing. Tell her to imagine that a tongue depressor is pushing down toward the back of her throat; as she probably knows, she can still take in a breath over it. It's the same theory with cocksucking. She inhales and holds it, opens her jaw wide, and plunges your dick deep inside, sliding it along her tongue. Then she closes her lips around your shaft (or the base or balls, wherever she can get to) and bobs her head three times. On the fourth, she pulls back and breathes around your cock, then repeats, and repeats, and repeats. Once she gets more comfortable with taking you deep, she should also be more comfortable with you setting the pace.

Second, a woman can practice on vegetables in private to get her gag reflex under control. Tell her to pick up produce in a variety of sizes, shapes, and widths—cucumbers, carrots, zucchini, and celery all work well, but she can even start with a long string bean so she's prepared for anything. She should work on keeping contact between her lips and the veggie, and on using her tongue to trace patterns on the bottom and along the sides.

My last piece of advice: She should lubricate her mouth before giving head. If she takes a sip of something first to wet her whistle, it makes for a more pleasant face-fucking experience for both of you.



I'm known for saying outrageous things: I've banged more than 500 guys. I love putting out on the first date. One should sleep with as many people as possible before settling down.



in the pink

"I'm very happy to be in *Penthouse*," 26-year-old Bryci tells us. "I grew up the shy girl and got more adventurous as I got older. And I've always loved the beautiful girls in *Penthouse*, and the open-minded, fun articles. (Yes, I read the articles!) This is so great for me!" Getting an up-close look at this buxom beauty from Victoria, British Columbia, is pretty great for all of us, too.

Photographs by James David





"This will probably always be my most memorable shoot. The photographer and I got busted by two hikers in the forest, and I ended up sprinting through the forest totally naked, without even shoes!"





A woman with long dark hair is sitting in a bathtub, looking directly at the camera. She has her tongue slightly out and her hand is over her mouth, with her fingers pointing upwards. She is wearing a small hoop earring and a ring on her left hand. The background shows a tiled wall.

"Brand-new experiences get me excited, and conquering things that I'm afraid of. Flying was one, and I got past that last year. Next up is a helicopter ride, with me in the front seat."



"I could definitely be faithful to one man, if he's the right man. My dream guy will understand if I want to have a threesome here and there, and he'll let me have my way with a hot girlfriend while he watches."





"I'm always up for a full-body massage. If I'm lucky, it might lead to something more. But I'm never up for a sex party with the neighbors. That's like sleeping with someone at work. How awkward seeing them all the time after!"

SEE MORE OF BRYCI AT PENTHOUSE.COM.



Fifty Shades of Kink



Fifty Shades of Grey has been called everything from smutty fan fiction to mommy porn. Whatever you call it, one thing's certain: It's got women talking and thinking about kinky sex. Here's how to work that to your advantage.

By Barbara Pizio



ay what you want about the time suck that is E. L. James's best-selling *Fifty Shades of Grey* and its sequels—*Fifty Shades Darker* and *Fifty Shades Freed*—but if you're one of the many men who's been abandoned while your girl plowed through the dirty trilogy, consider yourself lucky. At worst, you'll reap the benefits of her amorous mood; at best, you've got the perfect opportunity to work some kink into your sex life.

Once your lady's done devouring the exploits of Christian Grey and Anastasia Steele, it's time to make your move—but don't jump in blindly. First, you need to find out what's gotten her so worked up. At its heart, *Fifty Shades* is a romance: A young, naive virgin is pursued by a wealthy, tortured soul who has a kinky streak a mile wide. There's plenty of sex,



Ask her to read her favorite passages to you. You'll look like you're interested in something she's emotionally invested in. This will put you on the fast track to unlocking the sexual fantasies that make her purr.

but there's also a lot of relationship building. Christian dotes on Anastasia to the point of obsession, and in between all the naked gymnastics, there's a great deal of negotiation and emotional interaction.

Ask your girl what she liked most about the books. If it was the romantic relationship that made her swoon, tread lightly before you whip out a flogger. You may not be able to transform yourself into a fiery business tycoon overnight, but you can whisk her away for a secluded sex-filled weekend, which can help set the stage for some erotic exploration.

If your lover admits the kinky sex piqued her interest, it's your mission to discover what made her wet. You could read the books yourself, but we're talking more than 1,000 pages—and when you're done, you'll still have more questions than answers. What exactly caught her fancy? Was it the bondage, spanking, or butt plugs? Was it the way Christian wanted to micromanage Anastasia's life and secure her total submission to him? Take the shorter route: Ask her to read her favorite passages to you. Not only will you save time, you'll look like you're interested in something she's emotionally invested in. It's a win-win. This will put you on the fast track to unlocking the sexual fantasies that

make her purr. If she's too shy to read out loud, ask her to mark them, and read them with her by your side. Keep asking what excited her the most.

Once you've hit on her hot buttons, it's time to make her dreams a reality. Book a sex date, and give her a few hints about your plans to get her imagination spinning. Knowing you're planning a kinky encounter tailored just for her will put her in the mood to please you.

In *Fifty Shades*, Christian chooses two "safe words" for Anastasia—one that means "go slow," and another that means "stop." It's a good idea for your partner to have at least one. A safe word is a term she can use that means "stop," no questions asked, no explanation necessary, and should be a word that won't come up naturally in your play. If she uses it, you need to halt everything you're doing immediately. Having a safe word protects both of you if you get into a situation where she's in physical discomfort or emotional distress, especially if her saying "no" is part of your scene play. If words tend to fail her—or if she's going to have a gag in her mouth—give her something to hold, like a rubber ball or a knotted scarf. If she needs to signal that you should stop what you're doing, she simply drops what's in her hand.

If being bound and helpless is your girl's fantasy, you can use items you already have in your home. Neckties can be turned into serviceable bindings, but avoid nylon stockings or silk scarves. These can form knots that are difficult to unfasten, and when pulled taut, they grow quite thin and can pinch, possibly causing joint or nerve damage. Periodically check her hands and feet to see if they're too cold. If they are, her bindings are probably too tight; they should be tight enough that she can't easily free herself but loose enough that you can sneak a finger between the bonds and her skin. Keep a pair of bandage scissors handy for emergencies, in case you need to give her a quick out.

For a more luxurious experience, try the many sensual-bondage items on the market—from Penthouse's Satin & Scented Bondage Kit, featuring satin restraints and a silky blindfold, to Lelo's Etherea Silk Cuffs, bindings made of silk and suede. However, if leather gets your girl's heart racing, look for lined leather cuffs with D-rings and some rope,



which will allow you to bind her wrists and ankles in a variety of positions. If she craves metal handcuffs, skip the cheap knockoffs from your Halloween costume. Many novelty cuffs don't have a double lock to stop the cuffs from getting tighter when compressed, which could be dangerous. Look for a high-quality pair—and always store them locked, so you know you have the key before you put them into play.

Once your girl is bound and at your mercy, you can experiment with the many types of erotic enhancements that are featured in *Fifty Shades*.

Sensory deprivation can heighten your partner's feelings of sexual surrender. A blindfold will keep her on edge, not knowing when or where you'll touch her. Adding headphones will not only allow her to enjoy some sexy mood music, but will prevent her from hearing ambient noise and guessing your next move.

In *Fifty Shades*, Christian uses a fur glove to tease Anastasia. Look around your home for items that can be pressed into service for similar sensation play, such as feathers or ice cubes, and have them at hand in case the mood strikes you.

Perhaps your girl is looking for a little pain mixed with her pleasure. Spanking and flogging are both featured in *Fifty Shades*. A hand spanking over your knee can be as intimate as it is stern. If roleplaying gets her in the mood, act out the first spanking scene in the book to get started. Start spanking her slowly, gradually building up the intensity—and the heat. Good kinky sex has a lot in common with good vanilla sex. Pay attention to your partner. Her reactions will let you know when you're on the right track.

Flogging takes more skill to execute safely and effectively. Floggers are multetailed whips that come in a variety of materials. Suede tails are a good choice for beginners, but it's smart to practice hitting a target—such as a pillow or a leather jacket draped over a chair—before attempting to use such an implement on a person. When flogging your partner, keep your focus on her ass and upper thighs, avoiding the lower back, her spine, and joints.

In book two, *Fifty Shades Darker*, Christian introduces Anastasia to anal toys. If backdoor play interests your girl, there are plenty of toys available that will help you rock her world. But the most important things you



need to make your anal adventures go smoothly are lube and patience. Look for toys that are expressly marketed for anal play, such as plugs with flared bases and beads with handles, like Fun Factory's Flexi Felix. Whether you're playing with just fingers, adding toys, or forging ahead for full-fledged anal sex, penetrate your partner slowly and with lots of lubricant, allowing her to relax and get used to these new sensations. And never, ever penetrate her vaginally with any body part or toy that's been inserted anally without thoroughly cleaning it first.

What should you do, however, if you broach the subject of BDSM and your girl recoils, responding that it's

just a fantasy—one that she has no interest in pursuing in reality? Be pleasant and don't push the issue. Tell her you understand, and then turn the focus back on her. Ask her what fantasies excite her that she is interested in experiencing. By helping fulfill those dreams, you'll gain her trust and increase her comfort level, which might make her more open to exploring some of your fantasies one day—maybe even the kinky ones.

If your girl steadfastly refuses to engage in any BDSM activities but loves reading about them, keep an eye on what's new in erotic romance and erotica. Giving her dirty books that she loves will keep her imagination active, which can only help your sex life. Maybe one day she'll grow curious enough, and you'll be ready to be the master of her dirty dreams. 

Red-hot Reads

If your girl liked *Fifty Shades of Grey*, let these kinky books heat her up.

Bared to You

By Sylvia Day

Day's steamy romance features a complex relationship between a young woman and a wealthy dominant, echoing the dynamic in *Fifty Shades*.

Blushers

By Alison Tyler

This sizzling collection of erotic spanking stories from Tyler, a contributing editor of *Penthouse Variations*, will keep your girl on the edge of her seat.

Sweet Persuasion

By Maya Banks

A submissive woman finds fulfillment at the hands of a charismatic sex-club owner. The book has plenty of hot sex set within an emotionally intense storyline.

Make Me, Sir

By Cherise Sinclair

This is one of five books in Sinclair's Masters of the Shadowlands series. *Make Me, Sir* features a bratty submissive who is tamed by a masterful alpha hero.

The Dark Garden

By Eden Bradley

Bradley's novel delves into the emotional and psychological aspects of BDSM, as it tells the story of a dominatrix who submits to a new lover in her erotic journey of self-discovery.

Letters to Penthouse XXXII: Kinky Sex and Naughty Games

This edition of the best-selling series focuses on BDSM letters from our wildest readers.

BDSM for Beginners

Nothing beats hands-on practice, but it never hurts to get some pointers from the pros.

SM 101: A Realistic Introduction

By Jay Wiseman

This is a must-have for curious beginners. Wiseman explains BDSM terminology, types of play, and scene construction in this easy-to-follow guide.

Jay Wiseman's Erotic Bondage Handbook

By Jay Wiseman

If Wiseman's book on S&M whets your appetite, check out this manual, which offers sensible advice for safe, sexy bondage play.

Two Knotty Boys Showing You the Ropes

By Two Knotty Boys

This photo-heavy guide includes more than 750 pictures and captions that explain the authors' techniques for attractive and effective rope bondage.

Spanking: Erotic Play With Impact

By Lolita Wolf

BDSM educator Lolita Wolf explores erotic spanking and explains how to get the most out of your kinky play. The book comes with a 70-minute demo DVD.

Flogging

By Joseph W. Bean

This guide will help get you started, with advice on how to choose a flogger and basic techniques.

The Toybag Guide to Hot Wax and Temperature Play

By Spectrum

This tiny book packs in lots of useful information for those interested in exploring temperature play, including practical advice on how to remove spilled wax from your carpet. 

paranormal porn

By Nick Redfern • Illustrations by Abner Devereaux

When *The X-Files* was at its height in the mid-1990s, one of the major appeals of the supernatural series was the “will they, won’t they?” relationship of the main characters, portrayed in fine, conspiratorial fashion by David Duchovny and Gillian Anderson. But that slow, smoldering, and tentative approach was then. Today, things are very different.

If fiction, fucking, and freaky fantasies float your boat, this is your time. Tits, clits, terror, and out-of-this-world orgies are all the rage in this paranormal renaissance. And when we say “out of this world,” yes, we really do mean it. The past year has seen a phenomenal rise in erotic fiction of the eerie kind, and readers can’t get enough.

Maybe it’s all due to the under-current of sexual tension and chemistry that runs through the hugely successful *Twilight* series, or the entertainingly explicit, full-on nudity and sex in *True Blood*. Whatever the answer, enterprising publishers know a good thing when they see it. And right now, “it” is just about everything horny and horror-driven.

But vampires and werewolves don’t get all the action—Bigfoot, gargoyles, the reanimated dead, and bug-eyed aliens from faraway galaxies have all become the latest in a long line of porn stars. And, evidently, today’s chick doesn’t care who, or even what, she’s taking it from.

Leading the paranormal pack is, without a doubt, America’s most famous monster. You know the one: He’s tall, hairy, lives in the woods, and has really big feet. And you know what they say....



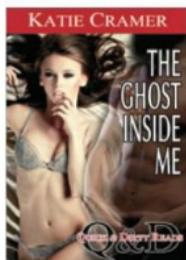
This hairy dude wants more out of life than devouring the occasional bear or posing for a blurry photograph destined to end up on the blog of some monster-hunter. Bigfoot wants pussy. He wants human pussy, lots of it, and right now. Countless three-ways of the inter-species variety, forest-based fucking, and Sasquatch going where very few Sasquatch have ever gone before—namely, into the asses of the

True Blood



babes who crave more than simple human humping—are just some of the horror-driven highlights in Virginia Wade’s highly successful *Cum for Bigfoot* series, which is now up to volume eight.

Turning our attention to ghosts, spirits, and specters, Toby Graham’s *Poltergasm*, and *The Ghost Inside Me* by Katie Cramer, are perfect examples of what can happen when the world of the living crosses paths with that of the deceased. “Crossing paths,” of course, means hot girls getting frenzied fucks from phantoms in haunted houses in the dead of night.



PHOTOGRAPHS: (TRUE BLOOD) JOHN P. JOHNSON/HBO/COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION; (CUM FOR BIGFOOT 2) COURTESY SHUTTERSTOCK/MAYER GEORGE VLADIMIROVICH, (THE GHOST INSIDE ME) COURTESY DEPOSITPHOTOS/MAKSIM TOOME/ARTJAZZ



The Walking Dead



Bigfoot, gargoyles, the reanimated dead, and bug-eyed aliens from faraway galaxies have all become the latest in a long line of porn stars.

boring after a while. All that time to think makes them want a bit of what their buddy Sasquatch is getting.

In *Sex With a Gargoyle*, penned by the appropriately mysterious "S. Gater," the beast satisfies the heroine, Angela Merkin, with its (literally) rock-hard cock and "long, prehensile tail." Yep, even in the world of monsters, double-penetration is near the top of the list.

And E.T. is determined to get in on the action, too. Cara Layton's *Alien Sex Slave* has no room for bug-eyed little guys who want to be taken to our leader. Nothing quite as boring as that for these intergalactic adventurers—they've come all this way to nail a hot

chick in just about every way possible. Close encounters? Hell, yes! As for a crack about Uranus—you'll have to read the book.

Of course, this craze for supernatural sex won't last forever. Or will it? Maybe we'll see enterprising authors come up with imaginative ideas for the Loch Ness Monster's tail. Snowballing will take on new meaning for the Yeti of the icy Himalayas. And when it comes to Tokyo-shattering Godzilla, perhaps he'll finally get the opportunity to erect something, rather than beat it down.

Whatever the future brings, right now paranormal porn—just like lucky old Bigfoot—is riding high. 

Still on the subject of the dead: What about the world of the zombie? If, at the height of action, your girl likes to scream "Eat me!" she might have far more on her mind than oral pleasure. She may well harbor secret fantasies about getting nailed by reanimated, flesh-devouring corpses. Big-budget movies like *Dawn of the Dead* and AMC's highly successful series *The Walking Dead* have shown—in spectacular, gory fashion—how the dead-returned like to chow down on the terrified survivors.

The subtly titled *Hardcore Zombie Sex & Violence!* by Louis Kahn Nin and *Sex Zombies* by S. Wolf will show you that today's near-unstoppable legions of the dead prefer to spread legs before they gnaw them off. Hey, if you're going to go out, well, at least it can be with a bang and not just a bite.

Who would have thought that gargoyles have a secret, freaky side to them? Evidently, sitting on the ledge of an old cathedral all day long, staring down menacingly at the crowd, gets





sign language

Embry knows Kiera is upset with her, but she also knows humor will go a long way in smoothing things over with her roommate. She erects an urban-encampment-style tent and meets Kiera in the yard when she comes home. Just as Embry hoped, Kiera is happy to move on to the make-up sex. Now they can spend this beautiful summer afternoon satiating their appetites in every way imaginable.

Photographs by W. Lawrence Stevens

















SEE MORE OF EMBRY AND KIERA AT PENTHOUSE.COM.

They're Ready for Their Close-ups

Cams.com has been called "the ultimate live video-chat site." As home to thousands of smoking-hot cam girls, it more than lives up to the compliment.

By Jennifer Peters

The women available for shows and chats on **Cams.com** include Penthouse Pets Yumi Kai, Adrienne Manning, and Martina Warren, but they aren't all adult models and porn stars. There are hundreds of real women, too, each of them online with the express purpose of getting you hot and bothered and helping you get off. The ladies of **Cams.com** love to show off, and you'll find them broadcasting live every day. Whether you like your girls barely legal or more mature, you'll find what you're looking for on the site, and since Basic membership is free, you have no excuse not to join.

AZBlonde (left)
and AZHotBree



SexyEyes 69



Bambilove



twohott



AZHotBree



model
“AZBlonde”



AZHotBree

■ GET IT TO GO

Cams.com Mobile allows you to enjoy Cams.com anywhere via the browser on your mobile device, whether it's an iPhone, iPad, or Android phone. You can take models into private chats, join their fan clubs, and browse photo galleries.

■ WHAT WILL YOU GET IF YOU SIGN UP?

LIVE BROADCASTS

At any time of day, there are hundreds of women from around the world online and participating in both live chats—nude and non-nude—and sensual shows for your enjoyment. You can just watch a show, or join the conversation and get involved in the dirty talk. If the group scene is not for you, enter into a private chat with your favorite cam girl. You get one-on-one time where anything goes, and she's acting on your orders.

RECORDED SHOWS

No matter what time zone your favorite Cams.com girl is in, you can catch her shows. Almost every model on the site records at least some of her broadcasts so fans can watch them later, so you never have to worry about switching up your schedule to match hers. Just go to the girl's page and click on View My Recorded Shows. Members of a model's fan club have free access to all her archived shows, but standard members can gain access by paying 99 cents a minute for pay-per-view.

PHOTO GALLERIES

Every Cams.com model has an album of naughty pictures to share with the members of her fan club. Many are stills from her live shows, though most models add other photos as well, both everyday and erotic. When you don't have time to watch a full video, or you just want to get a glimpse of one of the models, you can click over to her photo page and ogle her from every angle.



PHOTOGRAPH BY (CAMERA) PHOTODISC/GETTY IMAGES



Leilani



Bambilove



DinaSky



foglove69

■ WHAT COMES WITH A MEMBERSHIP?

Finding women who meet your needs is easy. The site home page shows a counter of models currently online, and a quick click takes you to the full list. From there, you can filter your options by age, body type, hair color, kinky attributes and fetishes, or specialty. Whether you have a thing for redheads, you prefer bush to shaved pussies, or you harbor a foot fetish, you'll have no trouble finding a cam girl who fits the bill.

Guests can tour the site and view public galleries and chats, but a membership will help you get the most out of Cams.com.

Basic membership is free and allows you to interact with the models during their chats, but you need to buy access to private chats, galleries, and special shows.

Premiere members get ten percent off all live shows, unlimited access to all nude photos, and five free recorded shows a month.

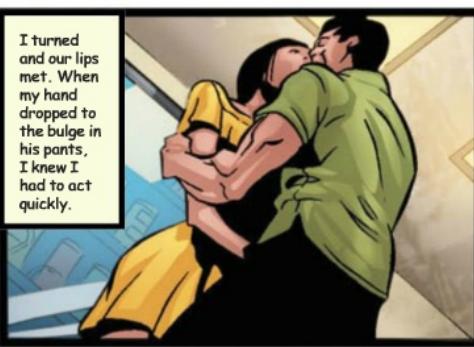
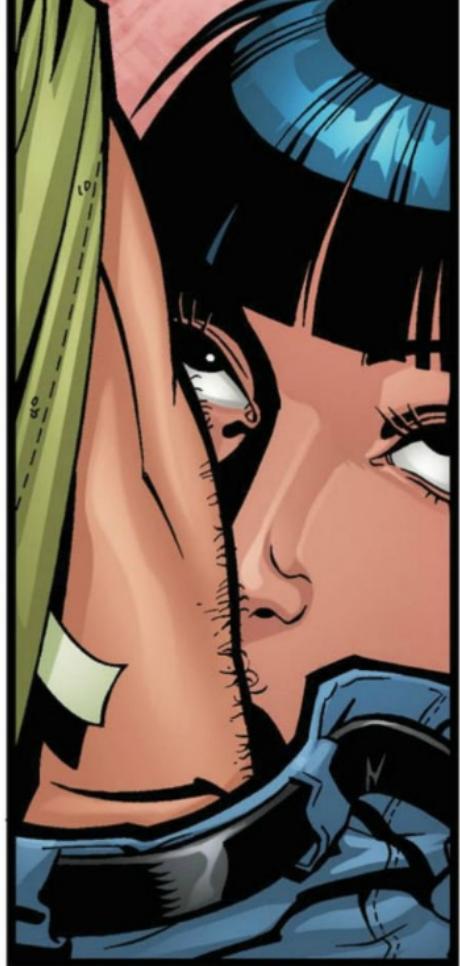
VIP members have an unlimited daily spending limit and get the perks of Premiere membership free for six months.

The only way to find out which membership is right for you is to sign up and see what's happening. You just might find that the porn star of your dreams is the cam girl down the block. 

★ Penthouse readers are eligible for a special offer! Go to Cams.com/free10 to get \$10 free when you submit your credit card info. ★

NORMAN'S CONQUEST

PENCILS BY JASON JOHNSON
INKS BY EDWIN ROSELL
COLORS BY JAMES ROCHELLE



I lifted my top over my head and he teased my nipples with his tongue.



Then he ate my pussy until I trembled with an explosive orgasm.



Afterward, I licked my juices from his face.



Then he lifted me up and filled me with his huge cock.



We were screwing frantically against the soda machine, every thrust harder and deeper than the one before. Suddenly, my body shuddered with release, and I felt Norman stiffen once again as his hot cock shot its load into me.



Later, when the meeting resumed and our eyes met, everything we'd just done played over again in my mind.

After the meeting, I invited him out for a drink and a grand finale. His eager smile told me we were on.



The End

CARNAL KNOWLEDGE

Whether you're looking for tips to improve your performance between the sheets, answers to a question or two, or help with an issue you can't take to even your most trusted friend, our expert can help. It's time to get schooled.

By Martin Downs, M.P.H.

OEDIPUS SCHMOEDIPUS

I've heard that men tend to be attracted to women who resemble their mothers in some way. My wife is very much my "type," but she's nothing like my mother in terms of looks or personality. What does that mean?

The idea that people unconsciously pick mates based on similarity to a parent is pure pop psychology. It goes back to the Oedipus complex, Freud's theory that we all have a subconscious desire to fuck our mom or dad. This theory was the cornerstone of modern psychiatry, and it still shapes how not only scientists but also regular people think about sexual and romantic attraction.

A newer theory called "sexual imprinting" gives Oedipus a twenty-first-century makeover. The gist of it is that maybe we don't want to fuck our parents per se, but that in early childhood we form a mental model of an ideal mate based on traits we see in our opposite-sex parent. When we grow up, the theory goes, we try to choose someone who matches this model to marry and make babies with.

It's easy to believe this idea because it fits a lot of stereotypes. Think of the big-boned Italian mama surrounded by adoring sons and their zaftig brides. Or the celebrity whose several ex-wives are practically identical, and look like his mother in her prime. A common female stereotype is the girl with "daddy issues" who time after time falls for bad men because her father was abusive.

I have a friend whose mom is British and has red hair. Lo and behold, he married a fair-skinned redhead. You can probably think of examples that stand out among your own friends and family, too.

But it's true that once you start looking for something, you tend to find it. So are these examples of basic and universal human nature, or merely coincidences?

Scientific evidence for the sexual-imprinting theory is very thin. Some people choose mates who closely resemble their parents, obviously. But it really isn't a big factor. If it were, you would expect that the spouses of twins would have a lot in common with each other and with the twins' mother or father. A recent study from Australia compared physical and personality traits of more than 20,000 twins with traits of their parents and their spouses. In no way were twins' spouses and parents consistently alike.

In another study, people were asked to look at a picture of a woman's adoptive father next to photos of four different men, and to guess which of the four men was her husband. People guessed correctly more often than not. This was presented as evidence to support the sexual-imprinting theory. As evidence goes, that's pretty weak. Even cops know they'd need a lot more than that to try a suspect in court.

Many people talk about sexual attraction and mate choice as if they are the same thing. They assume that a person would only mate with someone they find sexually attractive—and what's more, that everyone's choice represents their ideal of hotness. Really? I think you can figure out what's wrong with that assumption on your own.

The fact is that human sexual behavior is infinitely complex and variable. There's no universal law that explains it. Not even the Oedipus complex. How your wife compares to your mother could mean something profound, or it could mean nothing at all.



PERPLEXING SEXTING

I have a girlfriend and I'm not looking to screw around on her, but there's a woman at work who's sexting me. She's sent me a couple of pics, and I don't know whether I should ignore them or speak to her about it. I don't work directly with her, but I do come in contact with her at work fairly often.

I'll tell you what I would do. I'd catch up with her at the water cooler or something and say, "Hey, about those pics you sent me..."

Notice if she turns a deep shade of red, does a spit take, or leaps from the nearest window. That would suggest they were meant for someone else, and she just fat-fingered the number or email address. Maybe it was a case of "Damn You, AutoCorrect!"

I don't know about you, but when I send a sext to a coworker, I always follow up to confirm they received it. Since you haven't gotten back to her, it's weird that she hasn't been like, "So, what did you think of my tits? I sent you pics."

There's also a chance that she was on Ambien when she sent them and doesn't have any recollection of it. I'm serious about that, actually.

If she did send them deliberately, and if you're truly not interested, all you have to say is, "You know, I have a girlfriend."

She probably won't send any more after that. But just to be safe, tell your girlfriend about it. When I get a new text on my phone, it pops up on the screen. Let's say you're having dinner with your girlfriend and your phone is out on the table. Suddenly it buzzes and the screen lights up, and there's this woman's snatch. Awkward.

One last thing: If you haven't already, delete the pics. That's the gentlemanly thing to do.

If she does a spit take, or leaps from the nearest window, the sexts were meant for someone else, and she just fat-fingered the email address.

HERE'S A NEW ONE

If women with multiple sclerosis have their disease go into remission when they get pregnant, can they keep their MS in permanent remission if they give their husbands regular fellatio to prime their immune systems? I am too embarrassed to ask anyone else about this, but what if it works?

Bring your most embarrassing immunologic oral-sex questions right here. I'm your guy. No judgment. Though I'll admit that when I read your question, my first thought was, *Oh, fuck off*—yet another nutty excuse to get more BJs. Nevertheless, I looked into it with care, and found that your idea actually isn't too far out in left field.

A person's immune system normally defends against foreign invaders, such as viruses and bacteria. But sometimes it turns against one's own body. That's called autoimmune disease. MS is an autoimmune disease in which the immune system attacks a person's nerves. These attacks tend to flare up and then subside for a while. The time when the attacks subside is called remission.

Studies have shown that pregnant women with MS often have a remission of the disease during all or most of their pregnancy. It's known that pregnancy causes hormonal changes that suppress a woman's immune system. That may make her more vulnerable to infections, but it also protects the literal foreign body growing inside her from an aggressive

immune response. I guess I'd liken it to tying up a guard dog when a guest is staying over.

But why would swallowing come prolong this pregnancy effect on MS? It's true that semen causes pregnancy, and that during pregnancy MS often goes into remission. But if A causes B, and C follows B, it isn't always true that A causes C.

I might have pointed out the fault in your logic and left it at that. But I just had to know where the hell you got this notion, so I pressed on with my detective work. One thing led to another, which led to preeclampsia.

Preeclampsia? That's when a pregnant woman develops severe high blood pressure. It's fairly common. No one knows for sure what causes it, but there is strong evidence that it may be an autoimmune disease.

And here's the kicker: A study done about 12 years ago showed that pregnant women were less likely to get preeclampsia if they'd regularly given blowjobs and swallowed come before they got pregnant. Since then, other studies have shown that hormones in semen may affect the immune system.

Don't get too excited, now. I'm not saying you're right, only that it's an intriguing idea. I sincerely wish I could tell you that it worked. I think it would be a fucking beautiful thing if jizz turned out to be a cure for MS. But that's probably too much to wish for. 







the star of the north

Twenty-one-year-old Britney Young hails from Minneapolis, and as much as she loves her hometown, she has one really good fantasy that she hopes to live out now that she resides in Los Angeles: "I haven't had sex on the beach yet. I think that would be really sexy." We're ready when you are, Brit!

Photographs by Alan Eigen

"The most daring thing I've ever done was have sex in the locker room at my high school. It was a great graduation gift to both of us!"









"I get so turned on when I'm getting spooned by a guy and I can feel his dick getting harder and harder against my ass. That does it for me every time."



"I just go for it when I want to sleep with a guy. I grab his cock through his pants and rub it, then get naked."





"I once had sex while hiking a nature trail. I was bent over against a tree, and it was totally hot! That was definitely the most exciting place I've made love."

SEE MORE OF BRITNEY AT PENTHOUSE.COM





DINNER AND A SHOW

Some people say they read "Forum" letters, but can't believe it when they themselves have a "Forum" moment. Not me. My sex life is rockin'!

It all began a few weeks ago when I met David. From the first night we met, he rocked my world. He grabbed me by the back of the neck, pulled me to him, and kissed me long and deep, letting me know he was hot for me. Since then, we've had nonstop sex every chance we get, but the best was a few nights ago.

We hadn't seen each other in a week. Since there's no denying the passion that exists between us, I knew I wouldn't be able to keep my hands off him. I was just hoping that David was as anxious to see me as I was to see him.

When he finally arrived, I had on a short skirt, thong panties, a barely there shirt that showed off my perky breasts (and the fact that I didn't have on a bra), and heels that complemented my 36-inch-long legs. David immediately kissed me. My knees went weak with the desire that flooded through me. However, he showed more control and said we'd better leave for dinner or we'd never make it to the restaurant. I whined a little, because I was ready to have him, and I could see from the rather impressive bulge in his shorts that he wanted me as well. I instantly thought,

We'll see if you can actually make it to the restaurant. The laughter in my head was pure evil.

As we began the drive to the restaurant, I placed my hand on his thigh. I just love Florida weather, since it's warm enough for the shorts David had on. The legs were wide and shorter than usual, allowing me full access to his upper thigh. I gently rubbed my hand up and down. After he said, "That feels so good," I slid my hand over the shorts to his cock. He was his usual hard self.

I stroked him through the material, attempting to make him want to turn the car around. After freeing his dick from the confines of his shorts, I ran my fingertips lightly over the head and noticed he was holding his breath. I leaned toward him and whispered, "Too bad I can't give you head right now while we're driving down the road."

He exhaled in a gasp, then emphatically said, "Why do you think I bought a truck with a bench seat?"

That's all the encouragement I

Without hesitation, he placed his hands on my hips and, in one long, hard thrust, buried himself deep inside me.

needed. I leaned across the seat and took him into my mouth. His breathing became short and ragged, as happy little moans came from his lips. I continued to assault his cock with my mouth, taking him deep and slow at first. After a few minutes of pleasuring him with my lips and tongue, I added my hand to the up-and-down motion, squeezing his cock hard. When he let out a loud groan, I stopped suddenly and sat up.

"Come on, I was almost there," he pleaded.

I laughed and told him that he didn't get to come unless I did. Then it hit me. I quickly said, "Turn right at that light up there."

He said the restaurant was straight ahead, but I told him, "It may be, but there's a church about a quarter mile down the road that has a parking lot that will be empty. If we go behind the church and park, nobody will be able to see us."

He gave it a little thought and hesitated slightly longer than I expected, but suddenly a smile formed on his lips. I knew at that moment we were about to have sex in a church parking lot!

He turned and sped up, in a hurry to get there. As he pulled into the lot, I removed my thong. He didn't drive around to the back of the church, though. He went about five spaces from the road and parked parallel to the traffic. "All right, Kristen, you'd better come over to my side so we don't get busted." Then he got out of the truck.

His shorts were around his knees and his cock was rock-hard. I hiked up my skirt and bent over against the side of the truck. There was no need for foreplay, as my pussy was soaking wet from sucking his cock. Without hesitation, he placed his hands on my hips and, in one long, hard thrust buried himself deep inside me. That's all it took! My body shook as my pussy clamped down and pulsated around his dick with my first climax.

"Oh, yeah, fuck me hard and deep," I pleaded, and he obliged. He thrust hard and fast as he held on to the roof of his truck. I rubbed my clit till I had one orgasm after the next and thought I might fall, as my knees were so weak. David's assault on my pussy continued for several minutes, and I came so many times, I thought I might pass out from the sheer ecstasy and excitement of it all.

Suddenly, David stopped, his cock still hard and throbbing inside me.

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"That car's going to turn in here," he said. I looked up and, sure enough, there was a car getting ready to turn into the parking lot.

David nonchalantly pulled out and hiked up his shorts as I smoothed down my skirt, and we jumped back into the truck and left. As soon as we were back on the road, we started laughing. Then David said, "I'm not done with you yet. Move closer and spread your legs."

I did as I was told. While driving and watching the road, he slipped two fingers inside me and placed his thumb on my clit. "Oooh, David!" I moaned. His fingers picked up where his cock had left off. He slammed them in and out of me, while his thumb moved in tiny circles on my clit. I started to feel the mother of all orgasms building in my toes and finger-tips, and it slowly slid throughout my entire body until it centered in my cunt, and I squirted my juices all over David's hand—just as we pulled into the parking lot of the restaurant.

Before getting out of the truck and coming around to open my door, he kissed me passionately. When he finished, he stared into my eyes and said, "Leave your thong off. I have plans for that sweet pussy of yours."

Even though I'd had an earth-shattering orgasm, my pussy immediately responded to his words and swelled even more as I waited to see what he'd do to me in the restaurant.

When we got to the table, he said, "Sit next to me, not across from me. I want to be able to touch you."

I smiled and sat next to him on the outside of the bench. He put a hand on my thigh and I thought, *Surely, he wouldn't*—

But before I could finish the thought, he did. He slid his hand between my legs, pushed them slightly apart, and buried two fingers back inside my swollen and very sensitive pussy. I saw a waitress coming toward our table and tried to get him to stop, but he leaned over and whispered, "I'm not stopping until you come for me again."

The waitress came over, and I must have turned 50 shades of red. She either didn't notice that he was fingering my pussy or she had the good manners to not mention it. David ordered, chitchatting with her as he pushed his fingers in and out of my sopping-wet pussy. I just knew that everyone in the quaint Japanese restaurant could smell the scent of my



you want to give up your own pleasure just because another man's looking at your pussy? Come for me—now!"

The man watching had a hard-on and was obviously enjoying the view. The excitement pushed me right over the edge and I did as David demanded. My breathing quickened, my pussy pulsed around his fingers, and I sank down into the seat, allowing my legs to fall even further open and giving the man at the other table an even better view. I had never had such intense orgasms, and the second was right on the heels of the first!

Our waitress returned with our drinks, and David whispered, "Close your legs and sit up." Without saying a word, I did as instructed. Then he added, "You're going to enjoy this date. Tonight, I'm in control, and I'm not even close to done with you yet. Enjoy dinner and then you'll find out what else I'm going to do to you."

Even though the food was absolutely delicious, all I could think about was what had taken place since David had arrived at my apartment. Halfway through the meal, he told me, "You need to go to the ladies' room."

I looked at him strangely and said, "No, I don't."

His smile turned wicked and he leaned in close enough for me to feel his breath on my neck as he said, "Yes, you do, and you are to wait on me before closing the door completely."

I didn't hesitate after that, but did as he said, leaving the door cracked for him. About a minute later, he walked in and closed the door behind him—not bothering to lock it. He came straight to me and kissed me deeply. As our tongues played, he caressed first one breast and then the other, making my nipples hard. He unzipped his shorts, letting them fall to the ground as he lifted me in the air and demanded that I wrap

free-flowing juices. I tried to control my breathing and my response to David and just smiled, feeling as if the waitress would never leave us alone.

As she walked away from our table, David reached over and spread my legs open even further. As he did so, he whispered, "Spread your legs wide for me ... and for the man at the table across from us who's watching me play with your pussy."

I looked up and, sure enough, there was a man staring at my pussy and David's double-fingered attack on it. I was instantly embarrassed and attempted to close my legs, but David growled into my ear, "Why would

The waitress began rubbing herself. Watching her watch us excited me even more, and I cried out as I came on David's cock.

REAL LIVE SEX!

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my legs around his waist. I did as he instructed, and he held me in the air and pressed my back to the wall. With one swift thrust, he slid himself in to the hilt and began to pound his cock deep inside my pussy.

About five minutes had passed when the door opened and our waitress walked in. "Oh, my," she moaned breathlessly when she saw David fucking the shit out of me.

He glanced at her and asked, "Do you like to watch?"—never once breaking his rhythm of thrust and withdrawal.

Instead of leaving, the waitress responded, "Yes, I do," as she locked the bathroom door behind her. She walked right up to us, where she could get a great view of his cock as it entered and exited my pussy. She began rubbing herself through her uniform. Watching her watch us excited me even more, and I cried out as I came on David's cock.

Halfway through my orgasm, David demanded, "Open your eyes and watch her."

The waitress unzipped her uniform, spread her legs, and stroked her clit. She inserted three fingers into her slick cunt and matched the rhythm of David's thrusts. I was so excited that I couldn't hold back, and I had another orgasm. Just as I cried out, she did, too, and it caused David's control to slip. He slammed into me and exploded.

He slowly lowered me to the ground, and as the three of us straightened out our clothing, the waitress blushed and said, "Wow! Thank you! Dinner's on me!" David and I looked at each other and laughed.

After returning to our table and finishing dinner, David asked for the check. The waitress handed him a single piece of paper. After he read it, he smiled and handed it to me. It said, "If you two ever want someone to watch again, call me. Hope you enjoyed dinner as much as I enjoyed the dessert! Teri." Under her name was her phone number. David left a generous tip on the table with the note. When I asked why he wasn't taking the phone number with him, he grinned and said, "You're the only woman I want. We can always find somebody else to watch next time."

Not only did the incredible sex leave me breathless, but so did his sweet words. I'm really looking forward to my next encounter with David!—K.M., Florida



FAST AND FURIOUS FUCK BUDDIES

I was driving downtown on my scooter to meet some friends at a bar when I saw a guy zip past on a really hot sport bike. He was going too fast for me to catch more than a glimpse, though, so I was glad that the light up ahead turned red in time to stop him in his tracks. I pulled up next to him a moment later.

As soon as I was idling next to him, I turned to get a good look at the bike—and its driver. The motorcycle was sleek and looked fast, and I couldn't help imagining what it would be like to have that powerful machine between my thighs. Then I looked at the guy atop it, and I wondered the same thing. Even seated, I could tell he was more than six feet tall, and very well built. The once-over I gave him took only a few seconds, but when I shifted on my scooter, I realized that he was checking me out as well.

"Wanna trade?" he called out over the roar of his engine.

I ripped his clothes off as soon as we got to his bedroom, and he went to work on mine, practically shredding my top.

The light turned green before I could even consider it, but in the split second before we had to get moving, I called back, "Let's race!"

I sped off down the street, only glancing back when I knew it was safe. The guy on the sport bike was following me! I kept going as fast as I dared, but within a few blocks he passed me. He took the lead for a few minutes, before letting me speed by him again.

When I pulled up outside the bar five minutes later, I expected him to keep going, but he pulled up next to me and cut the engine. We finally introduced ourselves—his name was Jordan—and I asked him if he wanted to come in for a drink. He had some things to take care of, he said, but he gave me his number and said he lived right around the corner if I wanted to hang out. I knew he wanted to do more than just "hang out," though, and I considered bailing on my friends to go back to his apartment. But that's not my style, so after we exchanged numbers, I headed into the bar.

It was hours later when my friends decided they'd had enough, but I wasn't ready for the night to end. Taking my chances, I called Jordan, who answered on the second ring. I told him I was leaving the bar and wanted to know what he was up to. "Not too much," he said, then invited

A woman with long brown hair, wearing a silver latex outfit with a deep V-neck and a matching latex skirt, is posing in a swimming pool. She is looking directly at the camera with a seductive expression. The background is a bright blue pool.

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me over. I said I'd be there in a minute.

Jordan had a nice apartment, but I didn't spend much time admiring it. It took us only a few minutes to go from new acquaintances to hot-and-heavy lovers. Jordan had poured me a drink, but there was no time to get more than a taste before he guided me to his bedroom. I'd never hooked up with someone the same night I met him—I'd always thought it was a little too slutty for me. But as I followed Jordan to his room, the only thing I wanted to do was fuck him, and I didn't care what that said about me.

I ripped Jordan's clothes off as soon as we got into his bedroom, flinging his T-shirt in one direction and his pants in another. That was all the work I had to do, because he'd gone commando. Once his clothes were off, he went to work on mine, practically shredding my thin camisole, then tugging down my jeans and thong while I undid my bra. Finally naked, we started making out again as we crashed to the bed.

He landed on top of me and moved his mouth to my jaw, kissing down to my neck and then venturing lower still, until his lips wrapped around a nipple. He sucked the bud into his mouth and

The closer I got, the more urgent my climax felt, and I thrust harder against Jordan, trying to pull him in as deep as I could.

nipped at it with his teeth, making me moan loudly. While he worked his mouth on my chest, I let my hands wander down his back and all the way to his ass, which was nice and firm and so sexy. I pulled him against me until I felt his hard dick pressing between my thighs, then spread my legs and let his dick rub against my labia as I writhed beneath him.

I wanted him inside me, so I pushed him away and panted, "Condom," then waited. He scrambled to the side of the bed, grabbed a foil packet, ripped it open, rolled the rubber on, and got back on top of me. He slid into me easily with fast but deep thrusts, and each time he did I felt the tip of his cock all the way up in my cunt.

He pounded into me, his hips smacking loudly against mine with each downward thrust. It still wasn't

hard enough to satisfy me, though, and I pushed up against him to meet his strokes. We worked up a good rhythm together, and it didn't take long before I felt my orgasm building. The closer I got, the more urgent my climax felt, and I thrust even harder against Jordan, trying to pull him in as deep as I possibly could.

In just a few minutes, I felt like I was about to explode, and I wrapped my legs tight around his waist, holding him in place. Even with my legs locked around him, he kept pumping into me with short, quick strokes. Each one moved his cock no more than an inch in and out, but it did the trick, and after a dozen of these tiny pumps, I reached my climax.

Jordan jackhammered into me as I came, and he came a minute later, catching the end of my orgasm and drawing it out. It was seriously intense, and it took me several minutes to calm down after my orgasm subsided.

I took a minute to catch my breath, then quickly got dressed and left. Jordan asked me to stay, but I doubt I'll see him again. I'm not really a one-night-stand kind of girl, but there's a first time for everything.—C.B.,
New York



INK AND PINK

Girls with tattoos are the hottest, as far as I'm concerned, and Annaliese's ink is the most eye-catching I've seen. She's only five foot five, maybe 120 pounds, with a cute face and light brown hair. She can easily get lost in a crowd. But her tattoos are incredible! Her arms are covered with three-quarter sleeves, and her legs are well on their way to disappearing in a collage of color.

When I met Annaliese, she was wearing jeans and a T-shirt, with a long-sleeved blazer. She looked like she was all business. But as soon as she pushed her sleeves up, I could tell she was something else entirely. She quickly made it clear that she was a total badass, and within minutes I had a raging hard-on for her. I was tempted to ask her if she wanted to go somewhere quiet for some privacy, but that seemed a little too cheesy, and I didn't want to blow my chances by coming off like a douche. But Annaliese proved herself to be an even bigger badass by using that line on me.

"My place is across the street," she told me, not even trying to be coy.

I slapped a twenty on the bar and told her to lead the way.

After a quick kiss, Annaliese ripped my clothes off, then immediately shed her own. Under her plain jeans and tee, she was a work of art, each tattoo perfectly contoured to her body. Text curved along her ribs, flowers grew up one of her calves, and cherry

As soon as she'd taken my full length into her pussy, she started to grind her hips against mine, skillfully riding my cock.

blossoms dropped elegantly from a shoulder. She gave me a few seconds to admire her ink, but I still managed only a cursory look before she dragged me over to the couch.

She wasn't rough, but she was aggressive, and she definitely was on a mission to get what she wanted. She pushed me down on the couch and was over me in an instant. I wasn't sure what she would do next, but whatever it was, I was ready.

We kissed for a minute or two, her soft lips belying her aggressiveness. She settled into a comfortable position straddling my hips, and reached down to guide my shaft where she wanted it. She eased my dick between her legs and pushed the head between her soft, wet lips. Her velvety-soft walls enveloped my cock, and after a moment she began to ease even more of my shaft inside her. I didn't have to do anything—she did all the work.

As soon as she'd taken my full length into her pussy, she started to grind her hips against mine, skillfully riding my cock. When she repeatedly contracted her pussy muscles around my shaft, I went crazy. I began

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frantically thrusting up against her, bucking my hips as much as I could with her seated on top of me. I didn't have to move much to increase the pleasure we were both feeling, and after less than a dozen thrusts, I felt like I was on the verge of coming.

Annaliese moaned as she humped me, and I knew she was getting close, too. I thrust harder against her, hoping to get us both off as quickly as possible. She kissed me again, her tongue tangling with mine as we battled for control. We were fucking ourselves into a frenzy.

We were banging so enthusiastically that it didn't take long before I felt my dick throb as the first spurt of semen shot out of me. Annaliese came moments later, her cunt spasming rapidly around my dick as she climaxed. Her orgasm was so strong that it set off my second orgasm, the first time something like that had ever happened. Holy shit, she was good!

I've been dating Annaliese ever since, and the sex just keeps getting better!—M.K., Washington

WILD WEEKEND

Every month, my girlfriend and I go away on a weekend trip to a bed-and-breakfast. Ashley and I have a hot sex life at home, but she really likes to spice things up when we're traveling. Every trip we've taken together has been an adventure, but our most recent one was definitely the best of them all.

She'd booked us a room at an inn just outside Cape Cod, and we were supposed to meet up with some friends of hers from college. We spent the first day of our long weekend with them, but the second day it was just the two of us. We went to the beach for the day, and as we relaxed, my girlfriend did everything she could to show off and turn me on. She was wearing the skimpiest string bikini I'd ever seen, and she kept strutting back and forth in front of me. It was making me hard, but every time I suggested we bail on the beach to get some privacy, she brushed me off, saying we should enjoy the fresh air and sunshine as long as we could. By the time she finally agreed to head back to the inn at the end of the day, I was hornier than I'd ever been in my life.

When we got back to our room, Ashley stopped me outside the door and told me that she had something special for me. "I think you're going to like it," she said, a devilish look in her eye. "It's waiting for you inside."



I kissed her and told her I was sure I would love whatever surprise she had for me, then pushed open the door. Lying across our bed, wearing sexy black lingerie, was Ashley's friend Leanne. Holy hell! I stared at her for a moment, taking in her voluptuous figure. She filled out her bra in just the right way, and a dangling belly charm pointed the way south. If I'd been single, I would've run over and jumped on her. Instead, I tore my gaze away and looked back at my girlfriend.

"Don't you like it?" she asked, pouting sexily. "I thought it was about time we had that threesome we've been talking about, and I know Leanne is your type..."

She trailed off and waited for me

Ashley came over and pulled my shorts down, then climbed on the bed and joined in, slithering between Leanne and me.

to respond, but I didn't know what to say. What's the proper way to say, "Thank you for the three-way"? So I grabbed her and kissed her and ground my hips against hers, letting her feel the erection that had quickly sprung back to life in my trunks. She kissed me back for only a minute before saying, "Don't forget about Leanne. We don't want her to feel left out." No, no we didn't.

With a little prod from Ashley, I made my way to the bed and leaned over her friend. Leanne quickly pulled me down on top of her, and before I could register what was happening, she was kissing me as her hands pushed up my T-shirt. She was quick, and she'd broken our kiss, removed my shirt, and pulled my mouth to hers again in a matter of seconds.

She went right to work on my trunks while we made out, but because of our position, she couldn't get them off me. No longer passively watching, Ashley came

over and pulled them down for us, then climbed on the bed and joined in. My girlfriend had already stripped out of her bikini and shorts, and she was naked when she slithered between Leanne and me. She forced us to break our kiss, then replaced me, making out with the other woman herself.

It was hot enough being able to watch my girlfriend and her friend kissing and groping each other, but Ashley was pressed right against me the whole time. I was having a hard time controlling myself as her ass ground against my dick. I also was beginning to wonder if she'd done this before.

The girls continued to kiss and grind against each other, but Ashley reached back and tried to pull me closer. When she realized she couldn't direct me that way, she broke her lip-lock long enough to give me some instructions. "I want you to get over there and grope Leanne's tits," she said. "And when you think she's ready, fuck her." I wasn't going to say no to

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that, and I immediately climbed over the girls' bodies to take my position.

I slid behind Leanne and reached around her until I could take her tits in my hands. Her breasts were larger than Ashley's and overflowed my cupped palms. She still had her bra on, though, and I really wanted to feel her nipples get hard between my fingers. I pushed my hands under the front of the bra's cups and lifted her tits until I could tweak and pinch her pebble-hard nipples. She moaned loudly when I did that, and it forced my girlfriend to once again break their kiss so her friend could express her pleasure.

Leanne was getting so hot from my groping that it wasn't long before she was done with Ashley and rolled over so she could gyrate against me. Ashley wasn't going to be left out, though, and we all quickly repositioned ourselves so that I was sandwiched between the two hot women. While Leanne and I caressed each other, Ashley pressed herself against my back and rubbed herself against me. With the two of them going at it like that, their hands and bodies all over me, I was having a hard time controlling myself, and as soon as Leanne told me to fuck her, I drove my prick deep into her cunt.

We fucked sideways, and Ashley

My girlfriend reached between us to grasp my dick while I fucked her friend, and when she squeezed, I nearly blew.

continued to feel us up as we moved against each other. At one point, my girlfriend even reached between us to grasp my dick while I fucked her friend. When she squeezed my cock, I nearly blew, but I managed to hold out a little longer—long enough for Leanne to come first.

As soon as I felt her pussy spasming around my shaft, I just let go. Ashley must've felt it, too, because all of a sudden I felt one of her fingers slide between my ass cheeks as she probed me, sending me over the edge even faster. And damn, it felt good!

That was only the beginning. For the rest of the night, the three of us got it on in every position we could think of. And I made sure that Ashley came at least a dozen times as thanks for arranging everything. Like I said, every trip we take is an adventure, and I'm sure she already has something incredible planned for our next weekend away.—Name and address withheld

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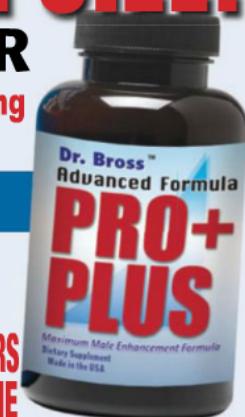
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